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THE LATEST SKETCHES RECEIVED FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE TRANSVAAL, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



President Kruger leaving Government Building under escort of Garps & Boers —



President Kruger leaving the Executive Council Chamber Pretoria —

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Muswell Hill murder is from some points of view a commonplace sort of butchery enough, such as used in old times, when men were hanged for the lesser crime, to be often associated with burglary. It is the unnecessary of its brutality which appals us. On the other hand, some circumstances in connection with the case were peculiar, and, though by no means romantic, just of the kind that a novelist of feeble fancy would invent for the description of such a tragedy. The old man, living alone in a house of his own building and devoted to the cultivation of fruits and flowers, but never without a haunting sense of the danger attending such a life of solitude; the stories of sovereigns in his safe, his antiquated plans of protection by means of man-traps and wires in the garden, compared with his amazing folly in not providing himself with firearms in his bed-room, are the very materials which a prentice hand in fiction, mingling force with melodrama, would provide. It is quite possible before these words are read that the crime will turn out to be of the ordinary character, but it is almost as likely that it may not be so. That the victim, as appears to be the case, should have gone downstairs and himself have unlocked the kitchen door and admitted the ruffians, when it was known that he possessed a rattle and other means of calling the attention of his neighbours, is almost incredible, unless he recognised them, and felt that at least his life was safe in their hands. In this case, moreover, the reason of their proceeding to such extremity—namely, the certainty of identification—becomes intelligible.

It is, at all events, the kind of case which seems to demand a higher class of intelligence than is usually found in our detectives. Why should not our police force include one or two persons especially qualified to grapple with difficulties of this nature? Some such person as Mr. Sherlock Holmes at once suggests itself. The creator of that justly popular character, it is understood, rather resents its almost universal acceptance: he would not unnaturally prefer his name to be associated with much better work than he has done in other fields rather than with detective stories. Still, to have succeeded admirably in any field is what happens to very few of us. The amazing attraction his great detective had for the public has caused some persons, who are nothing if they are not contemptuous of popularity, to detract from his merits; but, upon the whole, I know no character so good of its class. Gaboriau has, indeed, founded a great reputation upon similar lines, but the interest of his tales is spoilt by the interposition of foreign matter just when they grow most exciting. We say with Mr. Kipling, "but this is another story," for, unlike him, Gaboriau insists upon telling it and cutting the thread of the one which we want him to finish. Edgar Poe does better in this respect, but his narratives are too obviously written, as it were, backwards: we feel that he is starting with the plot rolled up in his mouth and simply unwinding the string. In the "Life of Fouché" we see little of other than the usual detective, perfect so far as he goes, but only a sort of glorified policeman, wonderful at disguises and what in the music-halls is known as "a quick change," but utterly without the intelligence that knows how to drop a clue as well as to follow it, to recognise the scent of the red herring, and to "track suggestion to its inmost cell."

There are, no doubt, persons of the right kind to be found; men of active intelligence with that liking for sport and adventure common in this country, but which, when the game is human, excels all other sports. The study of mankind, the poet tells us, is the noblest of all studies. There is no reason why there should not be an "endowment of research" in human nature as in other branches of knowledge, and whatever income may be set aside for a police official of this type would in the end—when one considers the money lost in difficult criminal cases through blundering and incapacity—be found economically expended. We have a Public Prosecutor to deal with clever rogues when found, why should we not have a private investigator (but very different from your private detective) to find them?

Next to the persons, all in a humble position of life, who shoot people "in fun," there is no class so absolutely destitute of humour as the highest. No one, for example, not even the White Queen in "Alice in Wonderland" can rival the German Emperor in his amazing egotism and utter ignorance of what everybody else is thinking about it; and the lesser fry of eminent personages imitate his magnificent airs, under the idea that they give them importance, and quite oblivious of the fact that all the world is laughing at their absurd assumption of dignity. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, as everybody knows, has caused his infant to be admitted into the Greek Church in order to conciliate the Czar of Russia. Nobody doubts that he would as willingly have made him a Primitive Methodist or a Jumper, with the same object. "He has made a sacrifice," he says, "so great, so cruel, and striking so deeply into his heart as to find no parallel in history." He knows that this is not believed by any human creature, but that does not disturb him in the least; it is not that "he jokes wth deeficulty"

but that he is absolutely incapable of seeing a joke, even when he makes it himself. With his tongue thrust so far in his cheek, he would certainly make a hole in it, only that he has an over-abundance of cheek, just as some people have three chins. If he had the least grain of humour, his position would be insupportable. As to Prince Boris, whose feelings at having to change his religion are probably not so poignant as they would be if a bone ring to bring on his teeth were substituted for an indiarubber one, his case is by no means so unexampled as his papa imagines. There was a time when the child Mortara was an equally interesting object of theological controversy. I remember the venerable Sir Moses Montefiore going to the Pope of Rome to intercede for permission for that infant to worship the God of his fathers, and how his Holiness refused his application. I wonder whether Mr. Mortara, who must be thirty-five years old by this time, is now alive, and what he thinks about it? There is certainly a great deal of fun in the world that is quite unsuspected by its promoters.

Under the old system of treating lunatics, dark rooms and whips were considered to be healing influences, and we still adopt the same counter-irritation theory in our remedies for rabies. The wit of man has probably never devised a plan for driving a sane dog mad so efficacious as the muzzle. In the case of a harmless and gentle animal, such as most dogs are, it is like putting a strait-waistcoat on a stamp-collector or a botanist. To see the poor dogs thus gagged for the first time is a piteous spectacle: they resemble the picture of the bear who, in search of honey, poked his nose among the bees, and whose whole object in life was to get them off it with his paws. My dear Rip, I am thankful to say, knows that I have nothing to do with the infliction of this torture, because I never go out of doors, and on his return from his walks abroad, he pours his woes into my ears. His gaze is confined to a collection of leather straps, which irritate him beyond endurance. When he meets a friend there is no conversation because his attention is similarly monopolised; sometimes he sees a bone in the road, when he experiences all the pangs of Tantalus; sometimes a cat, who, instead of flying from him, assumes the shape of a (triumphal) arch, and swears at him with impunity; and sometimes he meets a dog with whom he is on ill terms, and who has not been muzzled. That is a *mauvais quatre d'heure* for him indeed. To exemplify to what lengths a fad may be pushed the Punch and Judy dogs have been muzzled. Our Tobys are very melancholy, but who ever heard of a mad one?

What is of even more consequence than mad dogs are mad men, against whom, only too often, no precautions are taken for the public safety. If a person has property and shows signs of aberration, his friends are very willing not only to put him into a lunatic asylum, but to keep him there; whereas, if he is a poor man, there is a great readiness to let him out of confinement in order to save the money of the ratepayers. He accordingly emerges before he is perfectly cured, and at once proceeds to commit a murder, for which, however, he cannot be punished. It is true that from convenience he generally selects a member of his own family—somebody who in parochial eyes belongs to the "surplus population"—but he may turn his attention to more important victims. It is a mistake that a poor madman is not quite as dangerous as a rich one; and as the muzzling order includes both the mongrel and the St. Bernard, so no difference ought to be made in our methods of precaution with bipeds.

With regard to the discovery of the Pole, it is one of those events to which the advice as to prophecy seems applicable—namely, that we had better not venture on its assertion till we know; though, if anyone wishes to lay his money on the matter, I know where he can be accommodated. It is curious that so early as 1663 the Royal Society has a minute founded on the testimony of one Gray, an Arctic voyager, that the said Gray "had been within half a degree of the Pole, where there was neither land nor ice, but only water." On mentioning this to an intelligent but unscientific friend, he remarked that in that case the Pole must be either stuck in (like a punt-pole) or afloat. The general information as to its nature that has been elicited by the report of Nansen's discovery is most various and interesting, only to be equalled by the explanations of how it comes to pass that we shall not have another leap year for eight years. Most people very naturally imagine the Pole to be of wood (probably with notches for the bears to climb up); but what can be the use of finding it (beyond, of course, the hoisting of the Union Jack) when we can't bring it away is beyond them. One conception, at once sublime and domestic, is to connect the two Poles together by the Line, so as to form a champion drying-ground.

Our historical novelists are going further and further back for their materials; we shall presently have a story about the ancient Britons, with the hero possessing but two coats—one for peace and one for war, and both of them only of paint; or, more likely, considering the popularity of "kailyard literature," it will be about the Picts and Scots. The author of "The X Jewel" has taken a middle course, and placed his scenes in Scotland under James VI. I do not remember anyone having

previously described that astute but priggish and superstitious monarch in his youth, and the portrait is very meritorious. The life of those turbulent times is also well described, and not the less so that the picture is somewhat blurred and confused, though this is not intentional. So long as the author has an adventure to describe, he is vigorous enough, but he has little of the art of the novelist and has apparently begun his undertaking without having considered the conclusion of it. There is plenty of dramatic power in each individual incident, but no sustained interest throughout. However, we may be truly thankful for what we get. The perils to which Captain Eviot is exposed during his custody of the mysterious "X" jewel, a necklace of sapphires and roses of gold stolen from the royal treasure-chest, are excellent reading. Having received it from a sure and faithful hand, our hero carries it round his neck to return it to the King in person, who is greatly interested in its safety. He knows that what he has brought will prove a passport to the royal favour, and plays a little with his good fortune. To enhance his success, of which he has not yet spoken, he undervalues his own merit, and suggests that many of those about the Court would do better—

To this I replied that I was sorry that the service demanded of me was so simple, but that I could do no less than render it at once. So, bending forward, I caught the chain with both my hands and drew it forth over my head.

Great Heaven! What was this?

Though not conscious of such things at the time, I can see now the spark of pleasure in the young King's eye when he understood my gesture. I can see the looks of disappointment, doubt, and suspicion which succeeded, and I can hear his loud laughter, which brought me to the knowledge that I must present a strange spectacle with my open mouth and staring eyes. The X jewel was gone, and in my hand lay a chain of calcedonies.

Most of the action of the story passes at Ruthven Castle, the host and hostess of which, the grim Earl of Arran and his wily spouse, are drawn with a broad and skilful brush. Eviot himself carries his life in his hand wherever he goes, but is never in such danger as at Ruthven, which is, nevertheless, his dwelling-place. He would have been welcomed as a comrade by the Three Musketeers, for "war so exciting he takes such delight in, he does not care who he fights, so he is fighting." His various little "affairs" are capably described. One Ronald Stewart, for example, has been so injudicious as to call him "the chainfinder," (a sore subject, as we may well imagine), and, notwithstanding his reputation as a swordsman, Eviot challenges him on the spot. He finds him an accomplished fencer, but given to tricks in defiance of all the known rules—

In particular he made use of a certain curved thrust, which was very dangerous to him in the sense that its use must of necessity leave his guard open for a moment. The first time he tried it he touched me slightly on the outside of the arm, and the cut, though slight, bled profusely. The second time I only saved it with the counter-guard of my sword. The third time—what happened the third time passed so quickly (I might say it passed more quickly than thought) that no description in words can give an accurate idea of it. I speak of things I notice or things I thought; but they passed so quickly that it seems more correct to say that I felt them.

After my adversary had used this curved thrust for the second time I became conscious that it was on both occasions preceded by a sort of shiver in his arm. When I saw the shiver for the third time I simply ran him through the body.

Never was a man born better fitted for his time than Andrew Eviot. No brawling courtier, or bully of the provinces got any change out of him, except in the coin of a sword-thrust. The reader cannot help admiring him, and would therefore like to know what becomes of him: this the author does not vouchsafe to tell. As for the necklace on which the story hangs, its fate is also unrevealed, which may be the reason why it is called "The X Jewel."

The immense quantity of periodicals and the great competition that ensues in consequence may be an excuse for some sharp practice. A proprietor may say, "My paper must live!" and though we may not see the necessity, he does so very clearly. Nothing else can account for the importunity with which every writer of distinction is now adjured to give his views, upon every conceivable subject, "free, gratis, for nothing," as "certain to interest the great majority of his admirers." Lawyers hold that an opinion that is not paid for is never worth anything, but even lawyers are sometimes wrong; and if it is worth anything, why should it be given away to a beggar of whom one knows nothing? He has sometimes the impudence to urge that its publication will be an excellent advertisement, as his periodical has an immense circulation. In that case he can afford to pay for what he prints. Compared with his present practice, that of asking for an autograph without enclosing a stamped envelope is a chivalrous courtesy. However, it seems there are still lower depths of—let us say—coolness. Some periodicals offer prizes for stories, and though the sums are generally less than would be given elsewhere for mere acceptance, they take care to expatiate upon their generosity. But here comes the climax. The manuscripts which do not succeed in getting the laurel get the parsley (but without butter): they are printed with no pecuniary acknowledgment, "as it is our custom," the writers are informed upon application, "to use our failures without payment." As a specimen of what "convey, the wise it call," this, I think, would be hard to beat; it is coolness below zero.

THE PLAYHOUSES

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Very recently it was remarked of a somewhat unfortunate production that it might reasonably succeed at one theatre and fail to give satisfaction at another. There is no reason that Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "Gossip," should not go down without any hostile comment at certain American "one stand" theatres on tour; and with the attraction of Mrs. Langtry, with her beautiful dresses and decorations, it is conceivable that the play would pass muster in certain English provincial towns. But when poor "Gossip," with all its crudeness on the surface, is brought to the very best comedy theatre in all England, managed with such sensitive love of art by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, and when we are asked to accept it as a successor to the most brilliant work of Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Pinero, then it is not unreasonable that an audience with a trained and educated palate should find the new dish very little to its taste. Mr. Clyde Fitch is an earnest and interesting young man, who has given to the stage some very interesting plays, notably "April Weather," a delightful comedy of the "Sweet Lavender" school, which possibly some day will attract the attention of Mr. E. S. Willard or Mr. George Alexander. But compared with the best work of Mr. Clyde Fitch, "Gossip" is only what artists call a "pot-boiler," weak and inoffensive, but not up to the comedy stamp of Mr. Carr's theatre. The story is the old one of a rejected lover turning up and accidentally destroying the peace of a happy and contented household, while the good woman bravely attempts to save the wife's honour. Here we have dim suggestions of the good John Mildmay, the weak Mrs. Mildmay, the clever Mrs. Sternhold, and the attractive Hawksley; visions not only of "Still Waters Run Deep," but of many a play by Sardou—notably "A Scrap of Paper"—a coincidence that is of no consequence whatever, provided the authors serve up old material in a fresh and attractive manner. The new play—new to the West-End, that is to say, for it has been given before at Islington—is fairly but not very brilliantly acted. Mrs. Langtry, determined and persevering as ever, once more gets a step up the ladder of fame. The play owed much to her, and she displayed an unexpected fund of humour. She, of course, enacts the important comedy character of the good friend determined to save a wife tottering on the brink of ruin, and what she did she did very effectively, in capital spirit and in good taste. The polish and the style will come by and by. Miss Eleanor Calhoun was evidently ill and almost speechless with cold, and I really do not see how anyone could have done more for the dummy characters given to Mr. Leonard Boyne and Mr. Herbert Standing than these actors did. It is not a good play, and no acting can make it one. Given to such experienced artists as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, whose style, of course, it would suit, the result would have been precisely the same.

London suburban theatres are looking up, and are fairly dividing the honours with the music-halls. I went the other evening to the little playhouse in Church Street, Edgware Road, which, under Mr. Bayley's excellent management, has come back to the regular theatrical fold. The history of the old Marylebone Theatre is as interesting as that of any theatre in London, and its boards were trodden by the greatest of English artists long before it was changed into the Alfred, where, by the way, was produced the first version of "The Bells"—namely, an adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrian's story called "Paul Zegers," by Frank Burnand. On these boards, too, I have seen poor Frank Marshall act Hamlet, and other very curious things. My last pilgrimage to Chapel Street was on Monday, once more to enjoy Charles Warner's magnificent rendering of Coupeau in "Drink." This was indeed an object lesson. The pretty little theatre was packed from floor to ceiling, and the excitement of the rough audience was intense. When the fiends in human shape came to tempt poor Coupeau with glasses of poisonous brandy there were loud shrieks in the gallery, "Don't drink it! For God's sake don't drink it!" so powerfully had the scene acted on the imagination of the rough audience, to whom such incidents were painfully familiar. It is positively refreshing, as an old hand at playgoing, to enjoy the real enthusiasm displayed at the Grand, Islington, the old Marylebone, or the new Métropole and Elephant and Castle. Not a point is lost, no suggestion is missed.

I am delighted to find that so well-managed and useful a place of entertainment as the Palace Theatre will have the advantage of the dramatic assistance of so able an actor and elocutionist as Mr. James Fernandez, who, like Mr. Sims Reeves, does not disdain to join the sister arts on a common platform. A few years ago the lighter places of entertainment were kept under by a foolish protectionist policy. The consequence was that every effort to improve the character of the entertainment proved abortive. These restrictions removed and free trade encouraged, the music-hall is no longer a term of reproach,

The cheaper and the better our entertainments the more they will be patronised by the public. In a very few years we shall hear no more of "cheap and nasty," and a great deal more of "cheap and good." It is inevitable that the minor or second-class theatres must lower their prices in order to compete with the well-conducted and wholesome variety theatres. I am certain that the American principle is the correct one—namely, a normal low price, and extra charges for a special star or attraction. If there is a rush to see a particular play or actor, the manager is justified in raising the price of seats; but the public positively refuses to pay exorbitant charges for an indifferent entertainment.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WATERLOO CUP WINNER.

The Messrs. Fawcett have always been such valuable patrons of coursing that it was amid the congratulations of all good sportsmen that they achieved their ambition last week by winning the Waterloo Cup, the blue riband of the leash. The dog through which they attained highest honours at Altcar was Fabulous Fortune. A peculiar feature in connection with the nomenclature of the canine property of these gentlemen is that all their animals' names begin with the letter F. Faster and Faster, Fitzfife, Follow Faster, and Fortuna Favente have all performed brilliantly in their various seasons. Previous to this year's victory the Fawcetts were divided in their opinion as to whether Fabulous Fortune or Fortuna Favente was the better animal, although it must be said that, if anything, the

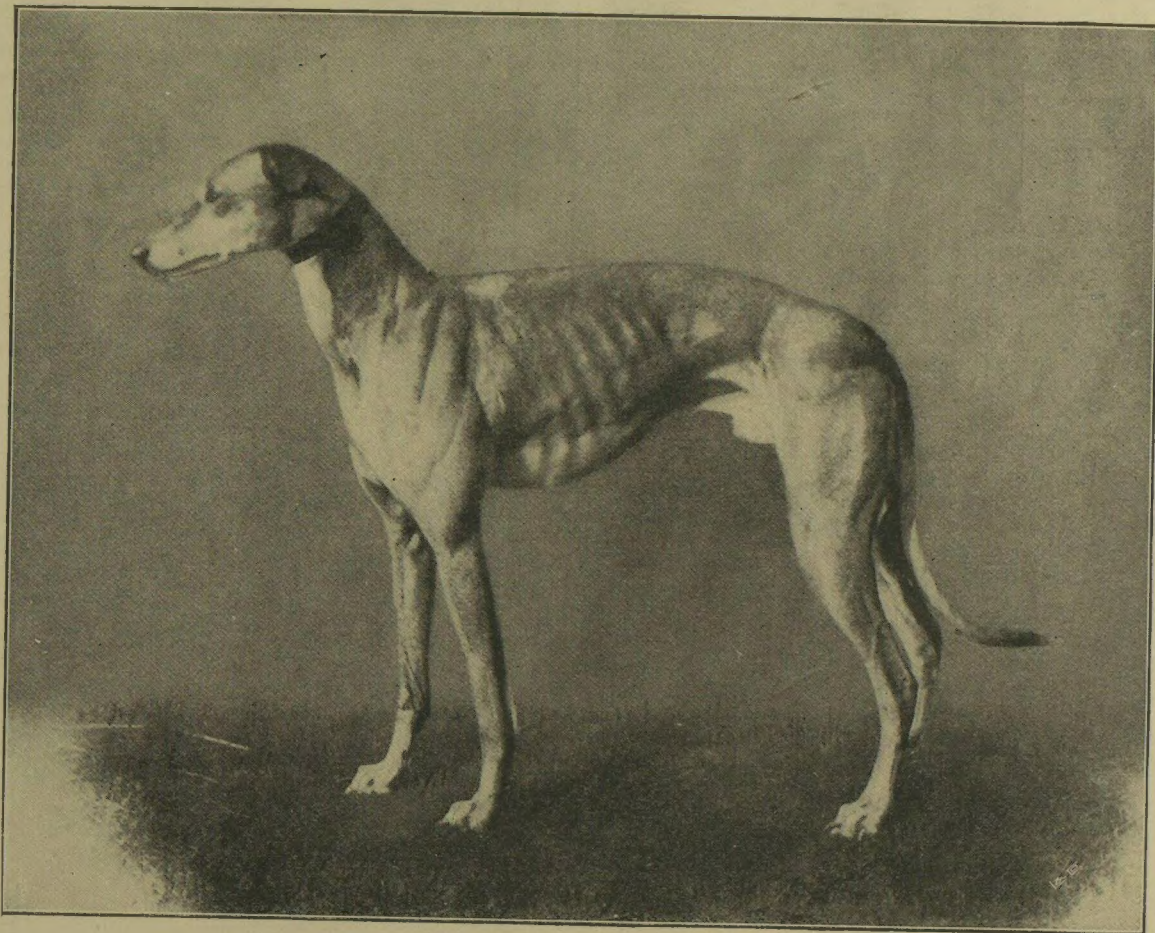


Photo Sandbach, Liverpool

WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP, FABULOUS FORTUNE, THE PROPERTY OF MESSRS. FAWCETT.

former was a shade the better favourite in his owners' estimation. He may be said to have run through the Cup unchallenged. His defeats of Stubblefield and Reception on the first day were of a decisive character, while on the second day he put out a very smart dog in High Dapperley Moor, after which Juggernaut succumbed to the ultimate winner. When in the semi-final he had Utopia to beat the issue was never in doubt; and again, in the last spin, the Irish dog Wolf Hill, despite a fall, was badly beaten. Fabulous Fortune is a descendant of Herschel, and was trained by Tom Wright, one of three brother greyhound-trainers.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, who has returned to England, furnishes additional sketches of the scenes and incidents of the march to Coomassie, the military occupation of the Ashanti capital, and the surrender of King Prempeh to Mr. Maxwell, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, who was accompanied during this ceremony by Colonel Sir F. Scott, in command of the troops, and by Prince Christian Victor. No injury has been inflicted on the native population; their dwellings in the town, merely rude huts of clay, straw, and branches of trees, and the small stone building which was the King's palace have not been destroyed; but the surrounding groves, which were dedicated to horrid idolatrous rites of wholesale slaughter, have been cut down, as human sacrifices are henceforth forbidden. The Ashanti Empire, or dominion over several neighbouring tribes, has come to an end; but some kind of domestic tribal government, under regulations to be enforced by the British Resident Commissioner, may be established in each district; a light tax being imposed on the chiefs to defray the expenses of the Protectorate. Prempeh and his family are well treated in their captivity on the coast. Our Special Artist has written an interesting page of the impressions made upon his own mind by his personal experiences in this campaign through the West African forest, and by the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

Sir John Millais, the new President of the Royal Academy, was born in Southampton in 1829—a year earlier than Leighton. His parents came from Jersey, and when they proceeded to London, the boy was old enough to note the episodes of the journey, and to recall them afterwards. He still remembers laughing with the stage-coachman at the idea of a railway when they passed some sign of a line in course of construction. "Those are the lights of London," his mother explained to him when they perceived at last a glimmer ahead. Equally conventional and appropriate was the remark of Sir Martin Archer Shee the next day, to whom the boy was presented by his mother: "Bring him up to be a chimney-sweep rather than a painter!" When the then President saw the now President's sketches, his tone changed. To Sass's the boy went, then to the Academy schools. Then, at the age of nine, he won a prize, but—fine as his proportions were to be—he was too small to be seen by the royal personage who sat at the high table of distribution. The boy was lifted up, and the royal personage, taken by storm, offered to give the boy anything he might name, to the half of his kingdom. "Please, Sir, leave the fish in the Serpentine," replied the future fisher of Scottish waters. The story ought to be true if it is not—it is the impulsiveness of the royal personage that raises a doubt. But it has been told many times in Sir John's presence without Sir John's contradiction.

Millais was only seventeen when his "Pizarro" picture was hung in the Academy of 1846. But "The Carpenter's Shop" was the first picture of note. It had a meaning in it—the same meaning which pervaded "Ophelia" (the face of Mrs. Dante Rossetti), the

"Christ in the House of His Parents," "The Pot of Basil," the "Autumn Leaves," and "The Woodman's Daughter," the latter a translation into paint of a poem by Mr. Coventry Patmore. These, in truth, were the days of that pre-Raphaelite movement which Ruskin defended in the *Times* against ready smiles, and which had power to link together in brotherhood—at least, for a time—the mystic and dreamer-like Rossetti with the shrewdly observing man of the world like Millais. Time and his own temperament took Millais into other grooves—as did his election to the Academy as Associate in 1853, as Member in 1863.

The hundred and one pictures which Millais henceforth produced established him as undoubtedly the first favourite with the British public during all the seventies and some of the eighties. His "North-West Passage," his "Yeoman of the Guard," his "Princes in the Tower," may be cited as typical, for subject and treatment, of the works that took the town. More notable were those portraits of Gladstone ("a glorious subject," Millais thought), of Tennyson (the best there is), and of Cardinal Newman ("You have a lovely complexion, the complexion of a child," the painter assured the Church-

man, never personally complimented before). Of his landscapes, with "Chill October" to lead them, there is less to say. They show, at least, how "various he is," as someone said of Sir Joshua. Altogether, his works mark him out as a master of whom no nation or period should be less than proud.

DR. JAMESON IN LONDON.

The arrival from South Africa of Dr. Jameson and the other gentlemen, the late Administrator of the British South Africa Company's territories of Mashonaland and Matabililand, and officers of their Armed Mounted Police, and of the Bechuanaland Border Police, was eagerly expected in London. Our large engraving presented as an Extra Supplement to this week's number of *The Illustrated London News*, shows the scene on Tuesday evening at the Bow Street Police Court, when, shortly after seven o'clock, Dr. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, Major the Hon. H. F. White, Major J. B. Stracey, Captains the Hon. R. White, Raleigh Grey, C. H. Villiers, C. L. D. Munro, C. F. Lindsell, E. C. Holden, and Lieutenants Kincaid-Smith, H. M. Grenfell, and C. P. Foley, were brought up as prisoners. Sir John Bridge was the presiding magistrate. The prosecution was instituted by the Treasury, on behalf of her Majesty's Government, under the Foreign Enlistment Act, for the offence of having, in her Majesty's dominions in South Africa, "unlawfully prepared and fitted out a military expedition to proceed against the dominions of a certain friendly State—to wit, the South African Republic." Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Horace Avory appeared as counsel for the prosecution, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton Cuffe, the Public Prosecutor; Mr. C. F. Gill appeared as counsel for the accused. The prisoners were greeted with a burst of cheering from the crowd behind the dock; but Sir John Bridge sternly repressed this demonstration. The proceedings were brief, consisting of the reading of the charge and the evidence of Inspector Swanson, who stated that at four o'clock that afternoon he had arrested the

prisoners on board the steam-tug *Cambria*, at Long Reach, on the Thames, under the warrant he produced. Mr. Gill asked for an adjournment of the case for a fortnight, and that the defendants, who were anxious to meet any charge against them, might be released from custody upon their own personal recognisances, binding them to surrender and appear in court at any time. This request was not opposed by Mr. Mathews; and Sir John Bridge, after remarking that the crime alleged was one of the utmost gravity, causing the risk of a battle and the loss of many lives, and possibly that of involving a war between two friendly countries, allowed the release of the prisoners, taking their recognisances for £2000 each to appear at the adjourned hearing of the case a fortnight hence. In the meantime, he advised them, for their own sake and for the credit of their country, to keep away from places where their presence might cause public excitement. The prisoners were then set free, and left the court.

It must here be explained that they had been conveyed from Durban, Natal, by the hired transport *Victoria*, bringing home also a battalion of the Royal Lancaster Regiment from India, by way of the Suez Canal. At the same time the *Harlech Castle*, from Capetown, was bringing home, by the Atlantic route, between two and three hundred of Dr. Jameson's disbanded troopers who were released by the Boers immediately after the defeat of his expedition in the Transvaal. On Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, the *Harlech Castle* entered Plymouth Sound. The men on board of this vessel were in charge of Inspector Froest, of the Metropolitan Detective Police, who had met the ship at Madeira, and there was a guard of the 17th

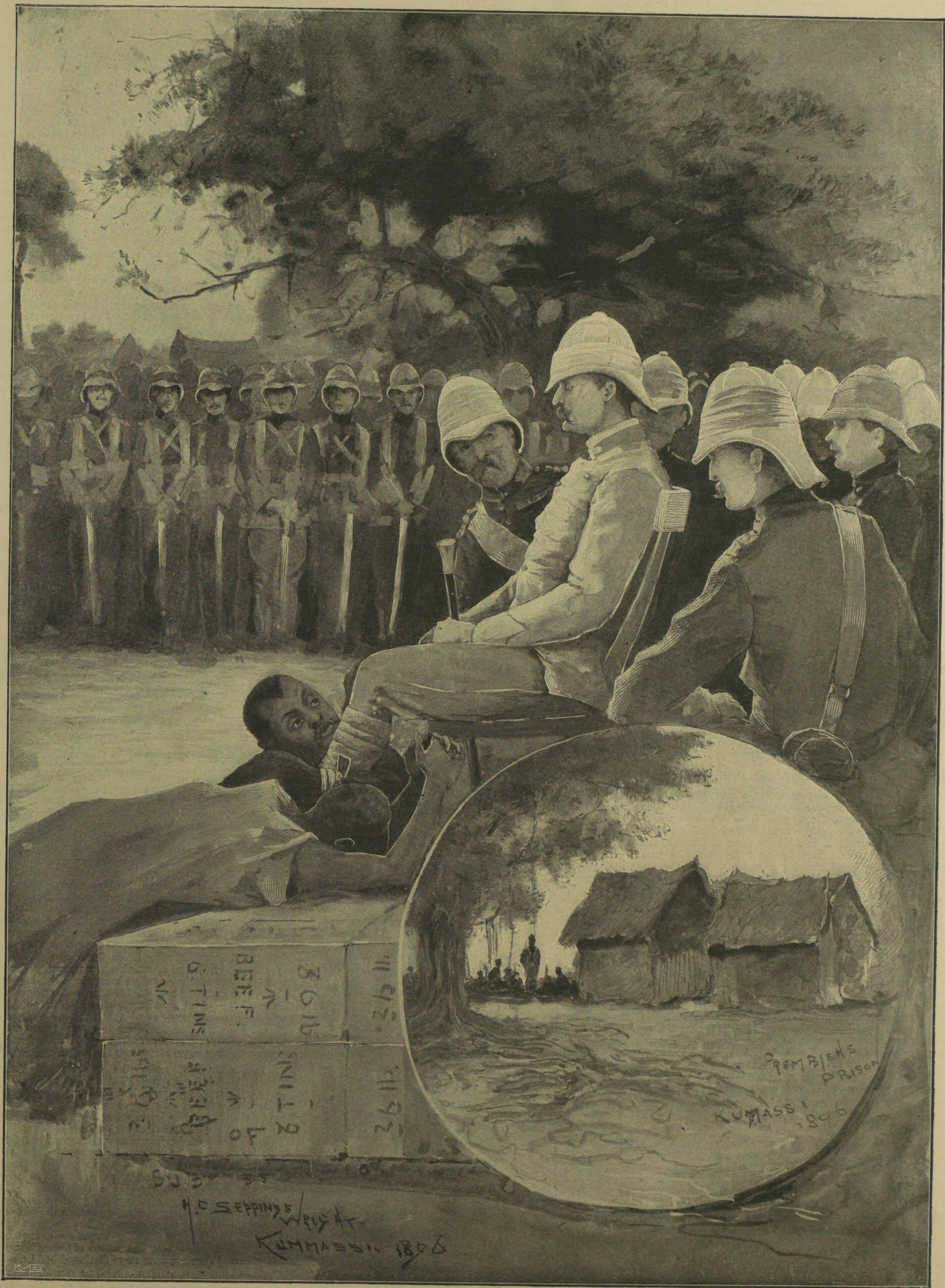


DR. JAMESON'S TROOPERS DISEMBARKING FROM THE TENDER WHICH BROUGHT THEM FROM THE "HARLECH CASTLE" INTO THE MILITARY DOCKS AT PLYMOUTH.

Lancers, under Major Evans, from Durban. Their own officers were Captains Sutton, Holden, Wood, and Straker, Quartermaster Kennedy, Lieutenant Coope, and Surgeons Hamilton, Galloway, and Farmer. In the afternoon of Sunday they were brought ashore by the steam-tug *Sir Richard Grenville*, with a guard of police, and were landed at the Millbay Military Docks, where they entered two railway trains, freely going to London, to Bristol, or to Birmingham, or wherever they pleased. The *Victoria*, with Dr. Jameson and his comrades, did not arrive in Plymouth Sound until near midnight on Sunday, her passage across the Bay of Biscay having been purposely slowed. No one was allowed on Sunday night or Monday to visit those on board except Mr. Hawksley, solicitor to the British South Africa Company, who had a long consultation with Dr. Jameson. The officers and soldiers of the Lancaster Regiment were landed at noon; and, about half-past one in the afternoon the *Victoria* left Plymouth for an unknown port, which many people believed would be Southampton. On this point strict secrecy was maintained during Monday and Tuesday. Instead of going to Southampton the *Victoria* went round the North Foreland and entered the Thames, anchoring at Purfleet, near Gravesend, at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. There she was met by the steam-launch *Watch*, belonging to the Thames Police, with Chief Inspectors Swanson, Jarvis, Froest, and others, and by the tug *Cambria*, to receive the prisoners. The warrant for their arrest having been read to them, Dr. Jameson and the others were thus brought up to London, were landed at the Temple Pier, and were carried in two private omnibuses to Bow Street Police Court.



DR. JAMESON'S ARRIVAL: THE "VICTORIA," WITH DR. JAMESON ON BOARD, ENTERING PLYMOUTH SOUND.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: THE SUBMISSION OF KING PREMPEH.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

PERSONAL.

A Royal Academician's hanging rights at Burlington House do not utterly die with him. He may be represented by one picture, instead of by eight pictures, at the show which follows his decease. A piece of crape will mark one such example of Lord Leighton's art next May. But the limitation will occasion less regret when it is known that a large collection of his works will be brought together as a portion of the next Winter Exhibition in the same galleries. Before that, however, the six pictures left all but finished upon his easels will be seen by the public at Messrs. Christie's sale-rooms, where all the possessions of the late President are to be brought under the hammer during the month of July.

The unexhibited pictures in the late President's studio include a large "Clytie," who is seen kneeling, with arms outstretched towards her rising lover, the Sun. The same subject, on a much smaller scale, was exhibited some years ago in the Academy, and will be remembered by many for the blue and white and gold sky, splendidly clouded. A yet larger picture, as complete as the "Clytie," is a "Perseus on Pegasus," with a head of Medusa in his hand. The cliffs of Joppa, with nobler peaks of cloud above, are treated in the late President's most free manner. "No doubt I shall spoil it in finishing it," he said a fortnight before his death, not knowing. Of the few smaller canvases, one gives us a Bacchante, and another a meditative girl, shown in profile, with an abundance of golden hair. This last picture baffled the painter in one particular only—he could not give it a name.

The idea of abandoning the banquet at Burlington House this season does not seem to be a very happy one. As a mark of respect to the late President, it seems a little far-fetched, for the tributes that would be paid to him at that board would be particularly welcome to his friends. Then again, the banquet is the great advertisement that the Academy has begun its show. Failing that, the attendance might easily be affected, and the young and struggling artist might easily be docked of admirers—perhaps even of a purchaser. Certain it is that anything likely to be injurious to the exhibition would be the last to be recognised by the late President as a fitting tribute to his memory.

Earl Grey has been appointed Administrator of the Chartered Company's territories in place of Dr. Jameson.

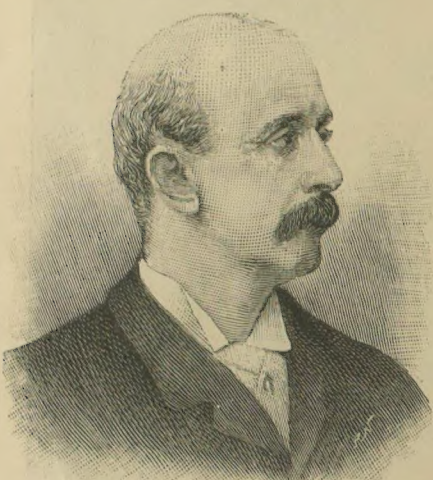


Photo John Worsnop, Rothbury.

EARL GREY,

New Administrator of the British South Africa Company.

Hon. Charles Grey, who was for some years private secretary to the late Prince Consort and to the Queen. The House of Grey traces its descent from Sir John Grey, who lived at Berwick in the latter half of the fourteenth century. The first Earl was Henry Grey of Howick, the military commander. His successor in the title was Prime Minister 1830-34, and the third Earl played an active part in the political life of his day. The present Earl has hitherto been less distinguished in the public eye for Colonial interests than for his active support of Church reform, University extension, and the Co-operative movement. Earl Grey is a director of the British South Africa Company, and his new appointment is expected to strengthen the hands of Mr. Rhodes.

The reception of Dr. Jameson's troopers on their arrival in London is significant of popular feeling. They were dressed in the costume made familiar by pictorial illustrations of Dr. Jameson's famous expedition. As the troopers are at liberty, and have not to give an account to the Government of their filibustering in the Transvaal, they are likely to serve as sympathetic agents for Dr. Jameson, especially in this picturesque attire. An attempt has been made to discount this effect by suggesting that bravery is a quality which the English people ought not to esteem apart from the justice of the cause which calls for its employment. But the whole argument of Dr. Jameson is that his action, whether mistaken or not, was prompted by this very distinction.

The Transvaal problem has provoked agitation in a quarter much nearer home. It is said that the form of Home Rule which prevails in Guernsey is inconsistent with free institutions. The local legislative body is not representative of public opinion, and the financial administration is not under public control. Mr. Chamberlain is invited to consider the position of the Uitlanders of the Channel Islands, but it is not very probable that the Government will seek to disturb the particular form of autonomy which Guernsey has so long enjoyed.

The right of free speech in Hyde Park has been a subject of Parliamentary discussion, owing to a riot between the partisans of certain lecturers on religion. One of these busybodies is said to have exhibited Roman Catholic emblems, on which he made opprobrious comment. The taste of this proceeding needs no remark, but any disorder that may arise is a matter for police regulation. The essence of free speech is that it must be maintained even when it is abused.

Quite apart from all party considerations, the electors of the Montrose Burghs are to be congratulated on

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.
MR. JOHN MORLEY,
New M.P. for Montrose Burghs.

influence be cast. Mr. Morley has been so constantly before the public gaze that it is hardly necessary on this occasion to recapitulate the landmarks of his life with any attempt at detail. Born fifty-seven years ago, and educated at Cheltenham and Oxford, he was subsequently called to the Bar, and is now a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He was editor successively of the *Literary Gazette*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*, and his critical studies of Walpole, Burke, and Voltaire, together with his famous treatise "On Compromise," and his other important essays in criticism and biography, have won him an assured position in English literature as a thinker and writer of distinct authority. Mr. Morley's political career commands an equal respect for its high seriousness and consistency. After contesting two seats unsuccessfully he was returned in 1883 for Newcastle-on-Tyne in the Liberal interest, and retained his seat through two subsequent elections. He was, however, defeated at the General Election in July last. Mr. Morley held the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland in the last two Liberal Ministries, and in that capacity was one of Mr. Gladstone's most loyal supporters in the celebrated Home Rule Cabinet of 1886.

The Empress of Austria, while a near neighbour of the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin, is still a strenuous walker. She does her twelve miles daily, and at a rapid rate. A male attendant strides beside her, open book in hand, reading Homer aloud in Greek to the lady of so many original whims.

The Kaiser has been making speeches in his customary vein of eloquence. He declared, among other things, that discipline was the subordination of the individual to the welfare of the community. Perhaps he does not know that this is the main principle of Socialism. The Socialists claim the right to determine what is the welfare of the community, and the Kaiser, in his individual capacity of a Sovereign, claims the same right, though individuality is precisely what he wishes to restrict, if not to suppress.

Who has made the Inland Revenue Commissioners arbiters of our liberties? Attention has been drawn to the peremptory demand addressed to the taxpayers by the authority of these officials. The district surveyor of taxes has threatened to apply a warrant if the payment of income tax be not forthcoming within seven days. It appears that no such warrant exists, and the whole proceeding is illegal. The object of it is to terrify timid citizens into a premature remittance, and it has evidently had the desired effect in a great many cases. A vigorous protest is now being made, and the Commissioners may find next year that their supposed warrant is not so alarming as it has been lately.

In the bye-election at Southampton, resulting from the unseating of Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne on petition, Sir Francis Evans has recaptured for the Liberals, by a majority of 35, the seat which he lost at the last General Election, after some seven years' occupancy of it. Up to the last it was generally expected that the Conservative candidate, Mr. Candy, would be successful; but Sir Francis Evans's local popularity finally turned the scale in his favour. Sir Francis is the son of the late Mr. William Evans, of Manchester, and was born fifty-six years ago. He was educated at Manchester New College and subsequently in Germany, and adopted the profession of a civil engineer. Ultimately, however, he became a banker. He was knighted in 1893 for his services to Colonial interests as deputy-chairman of the Union Steam-ship Company. Sir Francis Evans has had some exciting electoral adventures at Southampton, for his return for that town in 1888 was the outcome of another bye-election, which was fought during his absence in America, his wife, a daughter of Samuel Stevens, Attorney-

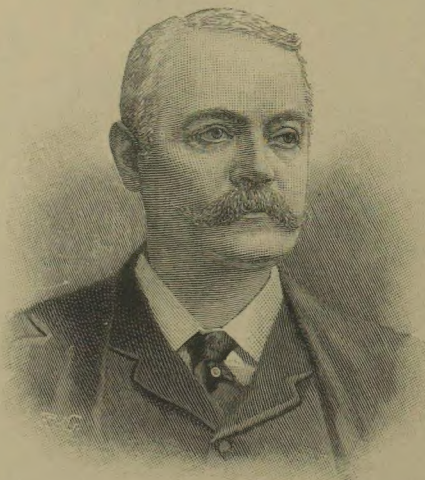


Photo Russell and Sons.

SIR FRANCIS EVANS,
New M.P. for Southampton.

General of New York State, carrying on a most plucky campaign on his behalf.

Viscount Curzon, the new Treasurer of the Household in succession to the Duke of Leeds, is the eldest son of Earl Howe, whose motto, "Let Curzon holde what Curzon helde," is curiously apt in view of the existence of certain claimants to his estates. The Howe family are really a junior branch of the family represented by Lord Scarsdale, whose heir is the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P., with whom Lord Curzon is sometimes confused by the ignorant. Lord Curzon is thirty-five years of age, and married a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. When his brother-in-law led the House he was once chosen to move the Address. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, has appeared in the annual Parliamentary cricket-match, and bids fair one day to attain a considerable position in politics. He has a safe seat for the Wycombe division of Bucks.

Mr. C. J. Stewart, the new clerk of the London County Council, is descended directly from Mr. Alexander Stewart, of Mount Stewart, whose eldest son was created first Marquis of Londonderry. Mr. Stewart's mother was a daughter of the second Earl of Norbury, and Mr. Stewart himself married his cousin, a daughter of the third Earl of Norbury. He is forty-five years of age, was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple thirteen years ago, and was soon afterwards appointed to succeed Sir Robert Harding as Official Receiver in Bankruptcy. For the last five or six years he has had charge of company liquidation, and has earned a high reputation for his ability and energy. He had a good deal to do with unravelling the mysteries of the Jabez Balfour companies.

There is a disquieting rumour in the French journals that Prince Boris will not be really Orthodox even after his formal admission into the Russian Church. The difficulty is said to arise from the holy oils used in the act of consecration. The oils of the Bulgarian branch of the Orthodox Church are not recognised by Russian theologians as efficacious; so that Prince Boris, after his conversion, will really belong to no religion whatever. The position of a Prince who grows up to find himself an Agnostic solely on account of the disputed validity of a particular kind of oil certainly entitles him to compassion.

The death of Sir Charles Aitchison removes from our generation a man who remained among the few survivors of those who may be termed the pioneers of the Macaulay school of Indian statesmen. It is odd enough, therefore, that he was born almost exactly at the time when Macaulay was, with his splendidly clear instincts about all that was good and great for the expectant politicians of his time, working towards the results which Aitchison was subsequently a chief instrument in successfully effecting. He was born in 1832, and at the age of twenty-three, four years before the death of Macaulay, he entered, by competition, the Indian Civil Service. His rise, owing, sadly enough, to the Indian Mutiny, was rapid and brilliant. In 1859 he became secretary to Lord Canning, and from that date his career was assured. That career was the reward not of brilliant talent, not of clear, instinctive statesmanship, but of sound, grave, serious, common-sense. His official "Notes," for example, written from India, were the admiration of all well-trained servants of the department, just as Mr. F. C. Thompson's and Mr. P. H. Herbert's dispatches, written in England, are admired in that intimate circle at the present day. The Mutiny was an opportunity which these able officials may never hope to find, and of which Aitchison made the most. He rose, in a steadily serious manner, according to the order of the India Office. In 1878 he was appointed Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, and subsequently was made Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. He has died full of honour, after fulfilling a career which, if not splendid, was, at all events, eminently useful, and, from the citizen's point of view, altogether admirable and patriotic.



Photo Le Sieux, Rome.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES AITCHISON.

The Bach Choir, under the direction of Professor Villiers Stanford, gave their first concert this season on Tuesday, Feb. 25, upon which occasion was produced, for the first time, Bruneau's Requiem, a very French, a very eccentric, and a partly beautiful work. "The Benedictus," indeed, is wholly beautiful, as far as the "Hosanna"; but, for the work as a whole, despite a great show of learning and of deliberate search for ugliness most successfully achieved, we were not left paralysed with admiration. The choir probably did everything in its power to make the work attractive; Madame Amy Sherwin and Miss McKenzie sang charmingly; Mr. Lloyd lent his great powers; and if Mr. Robert Hilton was not exactly great in the bass solos, he was, at all events, adequate. But Bruneau himself stood up against them all. The concert also included an excellent performance of "The Mount of Olives," in which Madame Amy Sherwin once more distinguished herself.

It is unfortunate that the Colonial Office should have lost just at this time one of its most valuable officials, the chief clerk, Mr. Richard Powney Ebdon, C.B. Mr. Ebdon was a Cambridge man, a brilliant mathematician, and a close friend of Calverley's. He entered the Colonial Office by open competition, and rose steadily by sheer ability. He was at one time secretary to Sir Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford). Mr. Ebdon was much liked.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle since Thursday Feb. 20, has been joined by the Duke and Duchess of York, who brought their two infant children to the royal great-grandmother, on Saturday. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with two daughters, visited the Queen that day, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has been staying with her Majesty. The Queen held a Council, attended by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President, and Sir Matthew White Ridley, Secretary of State for the Home Department. The new Bishops of Chichester and Newcastle were introduced. The Marquis of Salisbury and Lady Salisbury dined with her Majesty, and stayed the night at Windsor. The Bishop of Winchester was at the Castle on Sunday, and preached in the private chapel. On Monday the Queen received Sir Robert Low, the General who commanded in the Chitral Expedition, and created him a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

The Princess of Wales, assisted by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, will hold the Drawing-Rooms on March 11 and April 21, on behalf of the Queen. Her Majesty may possibly hold the third Drawing-Room early in May.

The Prince of Wales on Monday attended a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum and the Committee of the Natural History Museum.

The Duke of Connaught on Saturday reopened two of the wards of St. Thomas's Hospital, which had been closed for want of funds.

The Southampton election, at the polling on Saturday, resulted in a majority of thirty-five for Sir Francis Evans, the Liberal candidate, who polled 5557, against 5522 for the Conservative, Mr. Candy, Q.C., and 273 for Mr. Gibson, Socialist. In the election for the Montrose Burghs, on the same day, Mr. John Morley was returned by 4585, against 2572 for Mr. John Wilson, Unionist—majority, 1993.

At a meeting held on Saturday at Peterborough, Mr. James Lowther, M.P., advocated a sliding scale duty on foreign corn, for the protection of English agriculturists, to the amount of five shillings the quarter on the average price of wheat.

In the High Court of Justice on Feb. 21 Justices Day, Wills, and Wright decided against the rule for a new trial of Jabez Spencer Balfour on the second indictment, for which he was sentenced to an additional term of seven years' imprisonment, with reference to the House and Land Investment Company. The double sentence of imprisonment, therefore, fourteen years altogether, remains in force.

An action for libel, brought against the *Railway Times* by Sir Arthur Forwood, M.P., formerly Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, is being tried in the Queen's Bench Division before the Lord Chief Justice. It relates to some transactions between the Costa Rica Railway Company and the Atlas Steam-ship Company, of which he was a director.

For years past marriage in England has been at a low ebb; the rate per thousand diminished steadily, and the timid feared that the higher education of women, the pressure of modern life, or some other cause, was going to put an end to the formation of homes. But no! The tide has turned in the last two years, and this last quarter is the highest rate for the corresponding quarter of the year during the past decade. There had not been, however, any pressing cause for anxiety as to the maintenance of our population. What the late Lord Derby unkindly, but too truly described as "the devastating tide of children," had continued to flow, our increase of population—the excess of births over deaths—having been no less a number in a short three months than 82,197.

The German Emperor on Feb. 21 visited the naval port of Wilhelmshaven, on the North Sea, inspected and addressed the new recruits of the fleet, and dined on board one of the ironclad ships with the Admirals and Captains.

M. Faure, the President of the French Republic, has been entertained with a banquet at Châlons-sur-Marne, and made a speech in favour of the union of all sections of Democrats and Republicans in France. The Chamber of Deputies and the Senate are still at issue respecting the vote of censure on the Ministry of M. Bourgeois, which the Senate, by 184 votes to 60, has reaffirmed, while the Ministerial majority in the Chamber on Feb. 20 declined to 45, being 309 against 185 votes.

In the Turkish Empire the mediation of the British and other foreign consuls at Zeitoun, where the Armenian insurgents were besieged by a Turkish army, has been successful in procuring for them tolerable terms at their surrender. They number, with the fugitives who had sought shelter in that town, about eight thousand, whose lives are spared, but who are in a dreadful state of destitution, their homes and villages having been destroyed or stripped of all they had. The Turkish soldiers in this besieging camp have also suffered much from hunger,

cold, and exposure to the wintry weather; nearly six thousand are said to have perished. The Sultan has consented to allow the permanent residence of European consuls at Zeitoun, Marash, and other inland towns of Asiatic Turkey, and there is fresh talk of administrative reforms, but little trust is put in them now.

At New York, the police have been informed of a plot by a gang of robbers to blow up the Sub-Treasury building, in which money is stored to the amount of ninety million dollars, but there is some doubt of the reality of this plot, and the details are not yet precisely known.

The American Salvation Army has been split asunder by internal dissensions, Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth having been deprived of its command, while Mr. Booth Tucker, nominated commander by "General" Booth, of London, and his deputy, "Colonel" Eadie, find their authority resisted. A great secession is expected.

The recent campaign of the forces under the direction of Sir H. Johnston, Commissioner of British Central Africa, against the raiding slave-trading native chiefs on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, is now fully described by reports dated at Blantyre on Dec. 20. One of the most important achievements was the attack on Dec. 1 by the Sikhs and native troops, under Majors Edwards and Bradshaw, and Lieutenant H. Coape-Smith, upon the fortified stronghold of a chief named Mlozi, with severe fighting. The fort and town and Mlozi himself were captured, and six hundred wretched slaves were set free. There were about five hundred other slaves liberated by the actions in the same campaign at Kindambo's, Mponda's, and Makanjira's towns.

Another disaster of a terrible kind, but unconnected with the political situation of the Transvaal, occurred at Johannesburg on Wednesday, Feb. 19. This was the explosion of a very large quantity of dynamite imported

Maceo and other guerrilla chiefs of the insurgents are frequently telegraphed, and are speedily contradicted. Six thousand additional troops from Spain will arrive in Cuba by the end of February, and nine thousand more early in March. The field of operations at present is in the western part of the island, not far from Havana. Our illustration of a scene at Manzanillo, which is a place several hundred miles away to the east, merely shows the ordinary aspect of a plantation or rural establishment in Cuba.

The navigation of the Suez Canal was stopped from Tuesday, Feb. 18, to the end of the week by the German steamer *Kanzler*, on board of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was a passenger to Beira, the East African port nearest to Mashonaland. This vessel, which he joined in the Mediterranean after his sudden departure from London by the Brindisi route, got aground in the Suez Canal, and could not be floated off until Saturday. More than fifty other vessels were detained in the Canal for several days in consequence of the block of traffic.

The Mikado of Japan has appointed Admiral Kamagata to attend the Coronation of the Russian Emperor, Nicholas II., and the Empress, on May 26 at Moscow.

The Russian and French naval squadrons in the North Pacific Ocean are being considerably reinforced.

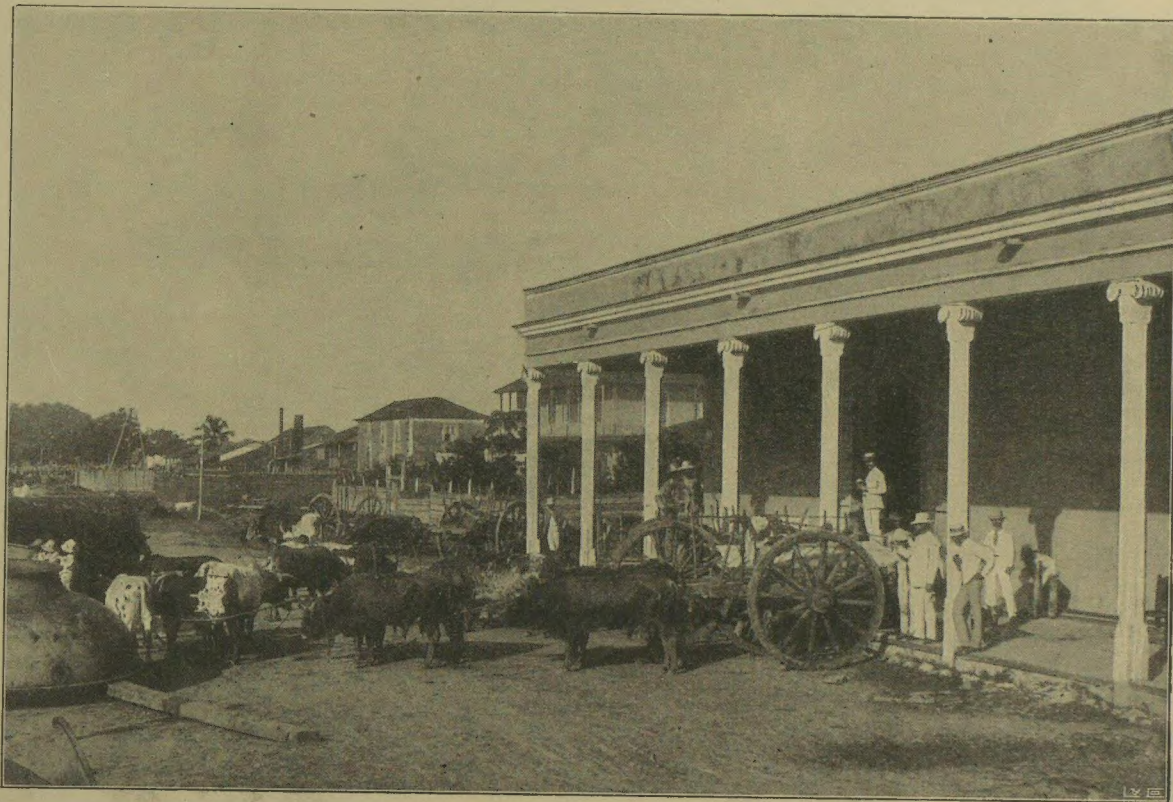
A regiment of Native Infantry of the Indian Army is about to be sent to Mombassa, on the British East African coast, to aid in the suppression of the hostile tribes and slave-trading chiefs, especially of the one named Aziz, who recently attacked Malindi on that coast.

PARLIAMENT.

The most noteworthy features of the Session are, for the moment, summed up in Mr. Balfour's proposals for the curtailment of debate in Supply, which have excited a good deal of opposition on his own side of the House of Commons. Whether the policy of the Government will be substantially modified, or not, remains to be seen. In the meantime the adjourned debate on Mr. Balfour's proposals, and the fact that a whole sitting has been given up to a debate on their general aspects, have indicated that the Leader of the House of Commons has chosen his time advisedly. The chief object of the Ministerial resolutions has been urged by Parliamentary reformers for years. There is no greater scandal in the House than the waste of time in Supply. Important votes are put off to the fag-end of the Session, while the minor Estimates are made the occasions of obstructive debate. By the Government plan, Supply must finish on Aug. 5, twenty-one days being allotted for the whole transaction. This is virtually an application of the time-limit so vehemently resisted in the late Parliament. Twenty days may be rather too short for Supply, but the necessity for closure is manifest. Naturally, it is disputed by the Irish members, though they thought it quite right when applied to the Home Rule Bill; and naturally it does not please certain private members below the Ministerial gang way. But pending some thorough plan for the devolution of Parliamentary business, it is a sensible expedient, which must commend itself to the common-sense of the country.

The most illuminating of other recent proposals, remarkable in the aggregate for their dullness, has been Major Rasch's motion for leave to bring in a Bill for shortening the duration of speeches in the House of Commons. Mr. Gedge denounced the despotism of such a measure in round terms, and urged the difficulty of establishing or enforcing any penalty for offences of garrulity. However, a majority of sixty-seven was found to be with Major Rasch when the House divided. Altogether a very laudable desire to avoid waste of time seems to be in the air of St. Stephen's just now. In other respects the recent Parliamentary proceedings have not been particularly eventful. The amendment brought forward by Major Jameson condemning the Government for not granting the demands of the Christian Brothers' and other Irish denominational schools was met by Mr. Gerald Balfour with a remarkably lucid speech, in which he minimised the grievances, and promised to introduce a Bill entailing suitable remedy. The Boards of Conciliation Bill, which aims at securing increased facilities for conciliation and arbitration in trade disputes, has been read a second time and referred to the Standing Committee on Trade. Mr. Ritchie made an interesting speech in moving for leave to bring in his Light Railways Bill, illustrating his proposals by comparison with the systems now prevailing in Belgium and France. This measure and Mr. Long's Bill for increasing the restrictions on the importation of foreign cattle, form welcome illustration of the Government's desire to improve the condition of British agriculture.

In the House of Lords, the Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill, admitting accused persons and husbands and wives as competent witnesses, has passed through Committee.



SCENE ON THE QUAY, MANZANILLA, CUBA.

for mining purposes on the Rand gold-field. It was laden on eight trucks which were being shunted at the railway station, when, by some accident, the whole blew up. Eighty persons were killed, and more than two hundred badly injured. Nearly the whole suburb of Vredendorp, inhabited by people of the poorer classes, was laid in ruins, and many of the best houses and shops in the city were greatly damaged. President Kruger and the other members of the Dutch Republican Government have been prompt and active in relieving the distressed families, and large sums of money have been raised for that purpose—£60,000 subscribed at once. The Queen has sent a message to President Kruger expressing her sympathy and compassion.

By telegram from Cape Coast Castle on Feb. 25 we learn that Mr. Maxwell, the Governor, has returned to Coomassie, and that he has concluded treaties with the Kings of seven tribes in Ashanti, and these were signed by the chiefs in question at Coomassie on the 10th. The Governor has received a letter, accompanied by a gift of gold-dust, from Samory, the powerful Mohammedan chief. In this letter Samory renews his expressions of fidelity to British authority. He adds that he spared the King of Gaman, whom he fought and defeated, because he believed him to be British. The trial of the Ansahs is proceeding. The prisoners are detained in custody, bail having been refused by the District Commission.

The position of the large Italian army under command of General Baratieri in Northern Abyssinia, in the presence of a more numerous hostile force, though, of course, inferior with regard to quality, organisation, and equipment, led by skilful Abyssinian commanders serving the Negush Menelek, is regarded with some anxiety. It is thought that the Italians, avoiding a general battle, will be compelled to retreat almost to the Red Sea coast. Additional reinforcements are being sent out from Italy, and there are rumours of the appointment of another General.

The new Spanish Commander-in-Chief in Cuba, General Weyler, has not yet had time to achieve any notable success, but reports of the capture or death of

King Prempeh.

Col. Kempster.

Governor Maxwell. Col. Scott.



Capt. Donald Stewart.

Prince Christian Victor.

Col. Ward.

Major Pigott.

Mr. Haddon Smith.

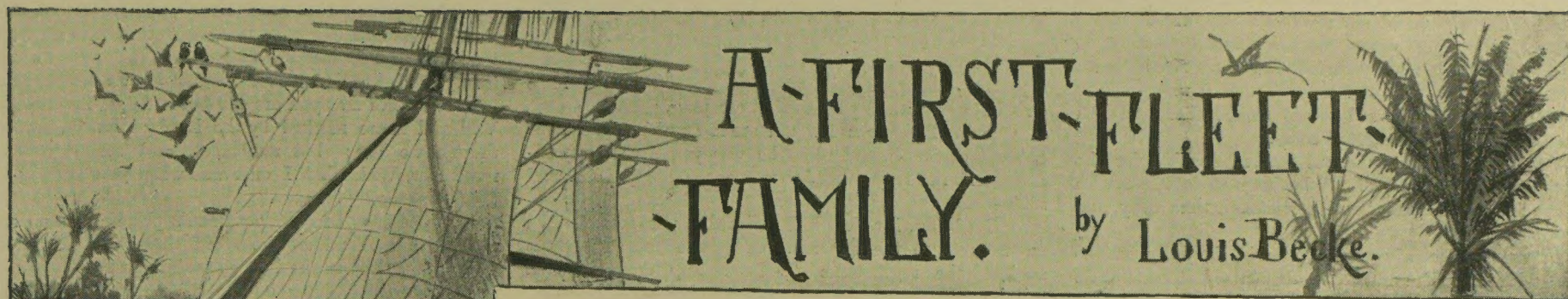
Surg.-Col. Henderson.

Surg.-Col. Taylor.

Col. Belfield.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.—THE SUBMISSION OF KING PREMPEH: THE PALAVER AT COOMASSIE ON JANUARY 20.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE SECOND FLEET ARRIVES, AND WE HEAR NEWS FROM HOME.

The gallant little *Supply* landed us in Port Jackson on the twenty-sixth of February, 1791, and as soon as we had disembarked, we heard that many important events had happened during our absence.

When we left the settlement for Norfolk Island, the Governor had wisely put every person on short rations, but when the news came of the disaster to the *Sirius*, they were still further reduced, and the prisoners had become too weak to work very much. The rations served out were only two pounds and a half of flour, two pounds of pork, and two pounds of rice to seven persons for one day.

So the *Supply* was sent to Batavia, under Lieutenant Ball, for all the provisions she could carry, with orders to get back as quickly as possible; and the poor, hungry folks on shore watched her sail away with very depressed hearts, knowing it would be long, weary months ere she returned. And, indeed, it was nearly six months ere she came back, but, sad to say, she brought back but eight months' supplies for her own people, for provisions were scarce at Batavia; but Lieutenant Ball gladdened the hearts of the people by informing Captain Phillip that he had chartered the Dutch snow *Waaksamheyd* to follow him with a cargo of stores. The Dutchman, however, did not arrive till December, and in the meantime the *Lady Juliana* had arrived from England; so the Dutch skipper, whose name was Smith, was not so welcome as he would have been had he arrived a little earlier.

The *Lady Juliana* was the first ship to arrive in Port Jackson of the second fleet of convicts sent to the colony. This second fleet consisted of the *Justinian* store-ship, the *Surprise*, *Neptune*, *Scarboro*, and the *Lady Juliana* convict transports, carrying, between them, nearly one thousand three hundred prisoners, and the *Guardian* man-o'-war, converted into a store-ship, and which was injured by an iceberg, and beached at Table Bay. The fleet left England in the middle of the year 1789, and the *Lady Juliana* brought letters and dispatches up to July twenty-eighth of that year. When she was sighted at the look-out point, on June the third, 1790, the flag was run up signalling that a ship was in sight.

A very exciting scene followed this news, many of the people actually weeping for joy. As she was working in between the heads, the Governor put off to her, but his return damped the joy of the unhappy people when it was known that she had brought with her over two hundred female prisoners, and only a few provisions saved from the *Guardian*.

She brought exciting news. A bloody revolution was going on in France, and our King, George the Third, had been so ill that a Regency was appointed to govern the kingdom, but our people at the settlement rejoiced that he was now quite recovered.

She brought letters for many of the poor exiles, and Lieutenant Fairfax heard of the death of the old squire his father. Miss Charlotte Fairfax wrote this letter, and the Lieutenant was so good as to read portions of it to me when he saw me on my return from Norfolk Island, and his sister had actually remembered me, for she wrote: "Tell the lad Dew, who sailed for Botany Bay with you, that his father's health is breaking, and that he grows anxious for his return." Then, in another part of the letter, Miss Fairfax urged the Lieutenant to come home as soon as possible and bring me with him, that I might comfort my father in his old age. Indeed, her kind words concerning so humble a person as myself brought the water to my eyes, and affected me quite as much as did the sad news about my poor father's health.

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures,
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew, of the Marines.

The wreck of the *Guardian* was a serious disaster to us, for she was a fast ship, and had a fine lot of stores for the settlement, and by her loss we were left with a great increase to our population, but with no sensible addition to our means of feeding them. Fortunately seventeen days later, the *Justinian* arrived laden entirely with stores, and within eight days the *Surprise*, the *Scarboro*, and the *Neptune* had all made the port. The fleet had had a terrible voyage, for on the three last-named ships alone two hundred and sixty-seven persons had perished out of one thousand and six who sailed, and three weeks after the ships arrived fifty more had died and four hundred and fifty were on the sick-list, the remainder being too ill to attend to themselves. The voyage had been full of mutinies, and dreadful bloodshed and troubles of all sorts; and every one of the officers on board, so my comrades told me, looked worn out with the terrible days of ceaseless anxiety they had gone through. The sight the prisoners presented when they were landed, many of them still heavily ironed, was a very horrid one, and the filthy condition of some of the most dangerous of them was revolting to the eye of every decent person.

There was a great fuss made about this voyage in England afterwards; but all this is another story, and I must come back to what concerns me alone.

The guards on these ships were furnished by men from a new regiment called the New South Wales Corps (the 102nd Regiment), which was raised for service in the settlement. The remainder of this regiment was coming out in a third fleet of transports, and on board of his Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, which was to take the Marines home to England. Our battalion was told that the men might re-enlist for service in the colony in the new regiment; but you may depend very few of our men volunteered, and there was much rejoicing and looking forward to the arrival of the *Gorgon* to take us home. Indeed, I think the sight of the landing of the people from the second fleet proved too much for many of our men, and made them eager to be away from such horrors.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LIEUTENANT AND MYSELF MEET WITH A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT, AND I MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE DUTCH CAPTAIN OF THE "WAAKSAMHEYD."

According to the dispatches that Captain Phillip had received from England, the *Gorgon* ought to have arrived long before we returned from Norfolk Island in the *Supply*, and as month after month went by, and there was no sign of her, the Governor determined to send the ship's company of the *Sirius* home in the Dutch snow* the *Waaksamheyd*, which was taken into the service as a transport, and we were greatly rejoiced at the prospect of a speedy return. Already the men of the new regiment and the Marines were at loggerheads, and we had fights occurring very frequently. The new men were certainly, to my mind, a very indifferent and badly disciplined regiment when compared to my corps.

In those times much of the discipline of the service was relaxed, and so it was that Lieutenant Fairfax, who was now a much older and graver-looking man, would get talking to me, when I was off duty, quite familiarly.

The Bryants, he one day told me, were doing very well now. A second child had been born to them, and I thought it no little presumption on their part, and very good-natured of Mr. Fairfax not to be offended, that they had named the child Charlotte, after Mary's former mistress, Miss Fairfax, of Solcombe Manor House. Will Bryant had now charge of the settlement fishing-station, and, with his crew, was employed in fishing about the numerous bays in Port Jackson, he being allowed to cruise in any part of the bay inside the heads.

Only a few days after the Lieutenant had told us about the chartering of the *Waaksamheyd*, he came to me with a very long face.

"Sergeant, this is indeed hard lines; we are not going home after all until the *Gorgon* arrives. Only the actual ship's company of the *Sirius* go home in the snow."

* A snow was a vessel with fore and main masts, and with another short mast stepped very far aft.

"How then, Sir," said I, "do we not belong to the *Sirius*?"

"The Governor has had my name taken off her books ever since she left for the Cape of Good Hope, and I have to do guard duty here until relieved by the remainder of the new regiment. And as you belong to my company, Dew, you, too, will have to remain. The Governor said he was very sorry for us both; but duty, you know, Sergeant."

This was sad news for me, and as the Lieutenant walked moodily away, I thought of my poor old father, and wondered if I should see him again; but it was worse for Mr. Fairfax, whose estates badly wanted a man's management to put and keep them in order.

And so it came about that our brave Captain Hunter and the sailors of the *Sirius* went home in the Dutch snow, and had a dreadful voyage, meeting with bad weather and much sickness. They sailed out of Port Jackson on the morning of March the 27th, 1791, and arrived at Portsmouth on April the twenty-second, 1792. There Captain Hunter was tried by court-martial for the loss of the *Sirius*, and was honourably acquitted.

But before the Dutchman left Port Jackson on this voyage there occurred a very momentous event in the history of Mary and Will Bryant, and the master of the *Waaksamheyd* was greatly concerned therein, as you will see later on.

His ship lay at her anchor off the Farm Cove after she had discharged her stores, and a gang of men were working on board putting in some fittings in her 'tween decks to receive the men from the *Sirius*. The captain of the snow was a Dutchman, whose proper name I have no doubt was Schmidt, but who always wrote it Smith, I suppose because he had the honour to sail under English colours since the Governor had chartered him.

He was a big, fat, greasy-looking fellow, with the look of a brewer's storeman disguised in a cloak and Guy Fawkes hat, like all the Dutchmen I had ever seen at Portsmouth looked. I got to know him very well by sight before he sailed; he was such a coarse, gross-looking man that I could not help disliking him even then.

At this time I had just been put in charge of the Farm Cove guard-room, which was situated some little distance from the water's edge, but right on the road to the Governor's house, and not far from the huts of the fishing settlement; and every time this great Dutch seal came waddling ashore, he had, in order to reach the main settlement, first to pass the fishing-huts of Will Bryant and his party, and then the main guard-room; and as he always came ashore every day, he soon became quite a familiar person to us all.

Now, as soon as I was appointed to my new post, I knew that what I had dreaded from the first day of my arrival at the settlement had come to pass, and it had become my duty to act as jailer over poor Will Bryant and the woman whose love I had once sought.

A list of the prisoners in this fishing village was furnished to me, and I was glad to read that I was not in any way to interfere with them so long as they behaved themselves.

As I have already said, Will Bryant was, by reason of his good conduct, placed in charge of the gang, whose names I will here set down on account of the adventure in which they afterwards took part.

First, then, there was Will Bryant and Mary his wife, and the children, Emanuel and Charlotte. He was described in my list as of first-class behaviour, and the family, so my orders ran, having proved by their good conduct that they were entitled to every consideration consistent with the penal discipline of the settlement, were to be interfered with as little as possible. Then there were James Martin, James Cox, and Samuel Bird, *alias* John Simms, all of whom had landed with us in the first fleet, and who were all "good conduct" men; William Allen, John Butcher, Nathaniel Lilley, and William Morton, who had been landed from the second fleet, and knowing something of boats, had been sent to Farm Cove to work in Bryant's gang.

The guard was made up of myself, a corporal, and four privates, and from these, sentries were found to guard the Government buildings, which now stretched from our

guard-house across to Sydney Cove. The only sentry on duty at night time was posted outside the guard-room to give the alarm in case of sudden outbreak, the only danger we feared. Our guard-room was situated about half a mile from the shore, where the boats were hauled up on the mud and made fast by chains to posts. These chains were locked by a pair of handcuffs, and it was the duty of the corporal of the guard to see them locked, and then hang the keys up in the guard-room.

During the daytime Bryant was responsible for the boats, and it was none of my business to interfere with him so long as his gang did not idle their time away, and kept good order.

Bryant was the only married man in the party, and he lived with his wife and two children in a hut some little distance from that occupied by the other men.

I took charge of this part on the twenty-fourth of March, 1791, at noon, and as soon as the relieved guard marched off and I had seen my sentries properly posted, I walked down to the shore to see the Bryants.

Will was busy putting, with the help of two of his men, a new plank in the big boat, and the rest of the gang were away fishing in the harbour, or mending their nets some distance from us.

Mary sat at the door of the hut nursing her infant, and her other child, a fine, sturdy little fellow with fair, curly hair and blue eyes like his father, played at her feet. I only caught one glance at her face, which seemed to me to be thin and worn, but yet her dark eyes had all their old beauty in them.

"I am glad to see that your conduct has led to your being given this job, Will Bryant," said I; "keep going straight and I'll not interfere with you."

"Oh! you are the new sergeant of the guard, Sir," replied my old acquaintance. "I thank you for your kindness, and will try to keep straight, as you say." I thought that remark of mine would serve the purpose of hinting to Will that a man in my position could not make his duty fit in with any intimacy with him or his wife, and Will's answer showed, as he stood to attention when he gave it, that he quite understood my meaning.

"That is your wife over there, I think," I went on, as if Mary was a stranger to me, and nodding towards the hut. Will was as quick to see my meaning, and understood that I thought it best his fellow-prisoners should not know of our former intimacy.

"Yes, Sir, that is my wife and children," he answered.

"Very good. You may tell her from me that while you go on as you have been doing all will be well with you," and with this I wheeled about and marched off, never once looking towards Mary, or giving her an opportunity of speaking to me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I TALK WITH CAPTAIN SMITH OF THE "WAAKSAMHEYD," AND A BREACH OF THE REGULATIONS IS COMMITTED.

As I have said, this fat Dutchman, Captain Detmar Smith, of the *Waaksamheyd*, came on shore every day, and I noticed that he always stopped at the fishing settlement on his way to the Government buildings, where he transacted his business.

On the second day after I had been placed at my new post I saw that he had struck up an acquaintance with the Bryants, and on nearly every other day since I had seen him talking and laughing with Mary. He always, after stepping out of his boat, made his way to the fishing settlement, and waddled up to the Bryants' hut, where he was in full view from the guard-house.

It would have been my duty to put a stop to this if the Bryants had been like ordinary prisoners; but Will was now a kind of constable over his gang, and as I had been expressly ordered by my superiors, and by Lieutenant Fairfax in particular, not to harass him in any way, I could not see my way to interfere.

When the transports were lying at anchor in the Cove, it was the custom to put a sentry on board of them to keep the prisoners from stowing away or stealing the ship's boats, but I had no orders to do this with the Dutch snow, because it was well understood that no prisoners were likely to stow themselves on board of her, as she was to take home the crew of a king's ship. As to stealing her boats, Bryant had already two boats of which he might be said to have full charge, and no suspicion of his loyalty ever occurred to my superiors, so that the only matter I had to look to in connection with the eleven souls who made up the settlement was to see that Bryant and his seven men were in their quarters at sunset. As to Mary and her two children, of course, I had no right to concern myself.

But for all the trust put in Bryant's loyalty, I thought it my duty to keep my eyes open so far as his gang was concerned. I had no fear of the man himself, with his wife and two infants. I was sure he was safe enough; but his men might, I thought, at any moment take it into their heads to make a dash for their liberty.

Prisoners were very peculiar in this matter, and although 'twas almost certain death to them, they often ran away into the woods, and were never more heard of, dying, no doubt, by the hands of the savages or by starvation. So foolish were they that a large party once went away thinking they might reach China by constantly

walking north, while in September 1790 five men stole a punt from near Rosehill and sailed her outside of the heads, never more being heard of, and, no doubt, they soon went to the bottom.

And so, when I noticed this big, greasy Dutchman and the Bryants getting friendly, I wondered very much what it meant, although I could in no way at first connect this circumstance with any attempt at escaping.

One day I thought I would see if anything was to be got out of Smith, and so as he was passing the guard-house and nodding a good-day to me, I stopped him and said—

"Good-day, Mr. Smith, I notice that you seem to take an interest in the Bryants. Of course you know it is against the regulations to have any dealings with prisoners."

He turned short round when I said this, and stepped up close to me, and putting a fat, dirty finger in a buttonhole of my tunic, rocked me to and fro by the sheer weight of his flabby arm. He spoke English but poorly, and he seemed to jerk the words out in a fat, wheezy voice as if his inside were lined with wool.

"Shoost look here, mein friendt, dake my advites und do not interferences mit a man's loaf affairdts. Der vrow of dis Bryandts is a very nice womans, und I do like to flirdts mit her; und so, Meinheer, do you not trooble, but make some moneys by mind you business."

I could have struck the big, fat, oily fool as he leered at me with his dead-fish like eyes, but I thought better of it, for I guessed he was not the kind of man that a high-spirited woman like Mary Bryant would fall in love with, and that, whatever of love-making there was, was all on his side. So I only answered, "Very good, Mr. Smith; but remember my duty is to see the regulations carried out, and so there must be no trading or interference with these people. Speak to them in a friendly way as much as you like, but don't make too sure that Mistress Bryant is in love with you."

"Yah, I understood der regulations, and I dakes care nod to break dem. Got-day, young soldier mans," and then he waddled off to the Government buildings.

On that same evening I saw the fellow meet Mary Bryant some distance from her hut, when her husband was on the shore making fast his boat, and I saw him hand her a big canvas sailor's bag, so heavy that, though she was no weakly woman, she could scarcely drag it to the door of the hut, where I watched her later on leave it.

But worse than this, the fellow held her hand in his, and sure enough, from where I watched, I could see plainly enough that she was lending a willing ear to his love-making.

Now this vexed me mightily. Clearly it was my duty to interfere, for this great, greasy Dutchman had no right to be giving bags of stores to prisoners, and if Mary Bryant, by association with vicious and wicked persons, had come to this, I must not allow my charges to be thus corrupted.

Mr. Fairfax was the officer of the guard for the next day, and when in the morning he visited the guard-room, I called him aside and told him all about it.

"Sergeant," said he wheeling round and looking me square in the face, "have you ever known me to neglect my duty?"

"Sir," I answered respectfully, "do you suppose I would dare to think of such a thing?"

"Very well, then. Let me give you a piece of advice. You are the youngest Sergeant in this detachment, and, in consequence, you are apt to be a little over-zealous. You see things that you ought not to see, and—and, in point of fact, Dew, you are a devilish good fellow in your way, but for goodness sake don't be so confoundedly fussy. I remember a certain little matter before we left Portsmouth in which you committed a breach of the regulations and helped an old rascal to smuggle a cask of French brandy. Now, if I—eh?"

I hung my head at this and muttered, "True, Sir, you were very good-natured to me, and I was very foolish."

"Quite so; but remember, Dew, these poor Bryants, by a little flirtation on the part of Mary with this fat Dutchman, have probably managed to get a bag of flour for the youngsters, or something of that kind, and if you don't see, why, there's no harm done. God knows the little children may need a change of food."

Then I saluted and he walked away; but all the same, the more I thought of it the more determined I was to have a word or two with Mary on the subject, and so I watched an opportunity, and the next afternoon, which was the twenty-eighth, just before the boats came in I walked over to the hut and called her out to speak to me.

"What do you want with me, Sergeant Dew?" she asked in her old, quick way.

"Mrs. Bryant," said I, "'tis a matter of duty that brings me here. I have seen your goings on with the master of the Dutch snow, and I warn you that you must not—"

"What have you seen?" and she turned upon me with a dangerous flash in her dark eyes.

"I have seen him give you a bag full of flour or something of the sort, and I have seen him making love to you and you encouraging him."

"Listen to me, Will, and forgive me for calling you by the old name, you who are now so much above the likes of me. I have as much dislike to that Dutchman as 'tis possible for woman to have, but," and there came a sad sobbing break in her voice that went straight to my heart, "my two poor infants are half-starved and crave for more food. Will, Will; forget for once that you are a Sergeant, forget for once that you are our jailer, forget for once that Will and I are marked by the hand of felony, innocent though we are; but remember, and surely you will remember, Will, what I once was when you knew me in the days gone by for ever."

Now, man as I was, the woman's pleading voice shook me strangely, and as she stood there with her hands clasped together, as she had clasped them the day she had met Lieutenant Fairfax on the ship's deck at the Cape of Good Hope, I had to turn my face away.

She stood thus for a minute or so, and her bosom heaved quickly under her poor shabby gown, and her great black eyes, soft enough now, filled with tears, and then she spoke again, her voice full of quivering prayer.

"For the sake of the old days, Will; for the sake of my innocent, suffering children who are as dear to the sight of God, born as they are in a felon's land, as if they had been born in England; for theirs, and mine, and Will's sakes do not take away from us that which the foreign captain has given us. And, Will, if I did by a little harmless trickery take this bag from him, it was because, as the Almighty is my witness, that which was in it will prove our salvation. So I pray you do not judge me too harshly."

"Heaven forgive me, Mary, if I did so, but you know that I must do my duty, and besides, what would your husband say if he saw you holding that fat fool's hand, as I did?"

"Dear Sergeant Dew, my poor Will is too loyal and true to the Governor—Heaven bless him! for he is a good man—not to be very angry with me if he had a thought that I took aught from the Dutchman; so say no more about it, and I promise you I will never speak to the Dutchman again as long as the ship is here"; and she dried her tears and smiled into my face.

"On that condition, Mary, there's an end of the matter, and I am glad your husband knows nothing of it," and I turned to walk away.

"Good-bye, Sergeant; won't you shake hands for the sake of the old times?"

"Good-bye," said I, "and certainly I will shake hands; but we shall often see each other, I daresay, though I don't think it well to appear friendly with you, because duty, you know, forbids."

Then I shook hands with her, and went back to my quarters, feeling that Mary Bryant was at any rate an honest woman, and safe from temptation by reason of the love she bore her children.

(To be continued.)

The proposed admission of women to the degree of B.A. seems to be meeting with more opposition at Cambridge than at the sister University of Oxford. At any rate, the powers that be are less generally disposed to treat with those who would increase the privileges of women students in this direction. A meeting of the members of the University Senate who object to the proposed innovation was held last week. The Provost of King's College, who presided, proposed a motion, which was unanimously carried, to the effect that the admission of women to *membership* of the University is undesirable. Another resolution, proposed by Bishop Selwyn, condemned as undesirable "any steps which might tend to a more complete assimilation of the education of men and women in Cambridge." A third resolution was ultimately adopted desiring the bestowal of some diploma or title, which shall not, however, imply membership of the University, upon women students who pass a Tripos examination after complying with the requirements of the University for their admission to such examinations. A committee was appointed for the purpose of drawing up a form of memorial for signature by members of the Senate in accordance with these resolutions.

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A ROYAL MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER.

The Princess of Wales—Alexandra of Denmark, welcomed in London thirty-three years ago with a greeting of popular affection such as few princely brides have enjoyed in our time—has now lived among us nearly the third part of a century, but we cannot yet think of her as an elderly lady. The grace of womanhood, in a character like hers, and in the dignified practice of all domestic virtues, little distracted by Court affairs, has been preserved still charming through the happy experiences of maternity, and of that second stage in the added increase of her offspring by those to whom she had given birth, which is the grandmother's peculiar delight. As once it was the infant Prince George, now Duke of York, who lay in her bosom, the object of her tenderest solicitude, it is now one of the two babes whose appearance has enriched his married life, and probably at this moment the latest born, christened on Feb. 17 at Sandringham, that renews for the Princess of Wales her own former joys of motherhood. So the links of feminine sympathy in this matter still continue to bind each age or generation to the next, as to the preceding, more intimately than they could be bound together by any historical traditions. It is by women rather than by men that the remembrances are kept alive which secure the continued union of the family. Her Royal Highness may not improbably—we hope not for some ten or more years to come—be crowned Queen Alexandra, but we can wish for her no better lot than to be, after a longer time, a great-grandmother, like Queen Victoria, and that her progeny may reign in England during several hundred years.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER GRANDSON, PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

From a Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street.

ROYAL CYCLISTS AT COPENHAGEN.

Our readers comprise so many cyclists that peculiar interest will be felt in our Illustration of "A Group of Royal Cyclists at Copenhagen." There are two reasons in particular why this group is notably interesting. It affords, in the first place, a glimpse of that healthy, unpretentious, unaffectedly simple life which is characteristic of that annual family gathering at the Danish Court, which is anticipated so eagerly and enjoyed with so keen a zest year by year by the Princess of Wales and her daughters. It is also curiously interesting in view of the approaching marriage of Princess Maud of Wales, as, if many-tongued rumour may be relied upon, it was during various pleasant cycling excursions in the country around the Danish capital that the mutual liking which existed between the Princess and her cousin, Prince Charles of Denmark, developed into that warmer sentiment the outcome of which was the engagement which has given so much satisfaction both in this country and in Denmark. The royal group comprises portraits of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and her brother, the King of the Hellenes, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Maud and her fiancé, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the elder brother of Prince Charles, and a number of the younger members of the Danish and Greek royal families. Thousands of our readers will be interested in this unique group of cyclists, and will be gratified to see for themselves how strong is the hold which the popular pastime of the period has taken upon the taste of the younger members of our royal family, and of those other royal families to whom they are so closely allied.

King of Greece, Princess of Wales.

Prince of Wales.



Prince Waldemar, Princess Maud of Wales.

Prince Charles, Princess Victoria of Wales.

A GROUP OF ROYAL CYCLISTS AT COPENHAGEN.

From a Photograph by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
BORN 1829; A.R.A. 1853; R.A. 1863; P.R.A. 1896.

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In the century and a quarter which has elapsed since the Royal Academy became established in public favour, seven Presidents (we may omit the almost legendary eighth) have occupied the chair to which, in 1768, Sir Joshua Reynolds was unanimously elected. For five-and-twenty years he held the post with dignity and with the concurrence of his brother artists. If, however, his sway was outwardly undisputed, it did not fail, like that of some of his successors, to provoke hostility among the ranks of the profession. It is to Reynolds and his colleagues that we owe an Academy of Arts which, whatever its defects and failings, has, since its foundation, aimed at giving instruction in painting, sculpture, and architecture. Reynolds had declined to take part with the seceders from the Incorporated Society of Artists in their address to the King, praying the royal patronage and protection. But his merits were then (1768) so well known and his fame so well established that it was not surprising to find his name placed first among

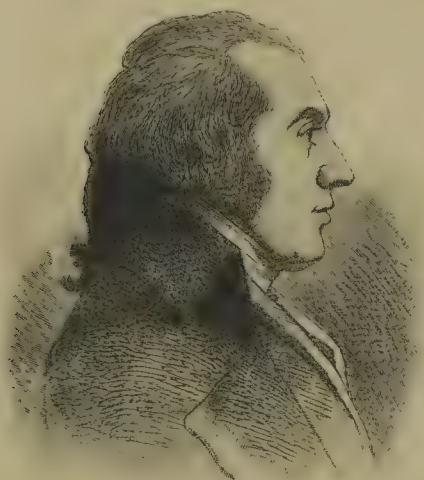


SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE.
1850-1855.

From a Drawing by T. Bridgeford.

those who, by "his Majesty's will and pleasure," were by the "Instrument" of foundation appointed "original members of the Society." Practically, this was an invitation, if not a command, to elect Reynolds President. Accordingly, four days later the first meeting of the Royal Academy of Arts was held (Dec. 14), and he was elected to that office which he held until his death, on Feb. 23, 1792.

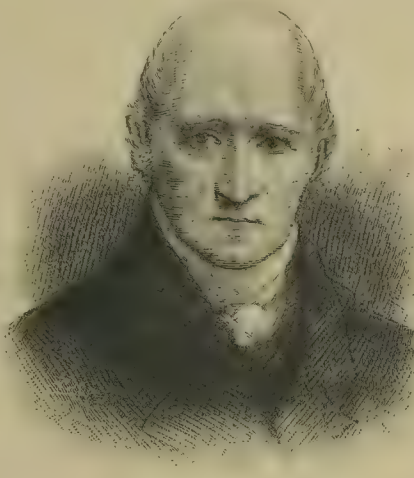
Benjamin West, who succeeded to the Presidentship, had more of the social than of the artistic qualification for the post. He was above all things a favourite of the King, who had singled out his work of "Regulus" to be sent to the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. His name had been the first of those who signed the application for the King's favour, and followed immediately upon that of Reynolds in the Instrument of appointment as a Royal Academician. Born of Quaker parents in Pennsylvania—



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
1820-1830.

then an English colony—he had taken up the study of art in his own country, and afterwards had become a portrait-painter at New York. He reached London in 1763 on his way back from Italy, but was induced to stay in England, probably because of the popularity which his pictures—chiefly cartoons of classical subjects—obtained. After twelve years' tenure, not unmarked by outside attacks and internal disputes, West resigned the Presidency because only twenty votes were given for him at the annual election in 1804, and the Court architect, James Wyatt, temporarily filled the office. At the end of a year, however, Wyatt retired, and West was again elected, only two votes being given against him—one that of Fuseli, who said he had voted for Mrs. Moser, on the ground that one old woman was as good as another. West afterwards continued to hold the Presidency unchallenged until his death, in 1820.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, who succeeded, was elected with only two dissentients, of whom possibly Archer Shee was one, and the other Fuseli, although the latter said subsequently, "Since they must have a face-painter

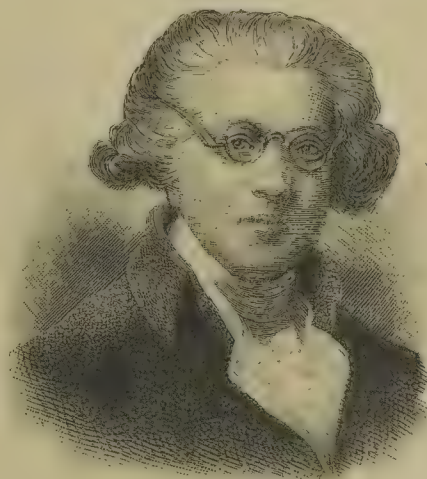


BENJAMIN WEST.
1792-1820.

From a Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

to reign over them, let them take Lawrence." He had many of the qualifications of his predecessors, and probably more tact than either; and during his lifetime his gentleness and courtesy were as marked as the elegance and refinement of his work. During his tenure of office, which lasted ten years, he saw the establishment of the National Gallery, the first official recognition of the importance of encouraging the fine arts. Lawrence's discourses at the annual distribution of medals and prizes to the Academy pupils fell far short of those of his predecessors; but his unwillingness to give dissertations could not have arisen from want of power, for he was an accomplished scholar and a creditable verse-writer.

In January 1830 Sir Thomas Lawrence died. Throughout life he had been petted by the aristocracy and warmly



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
1768-1792.

From a Picture by Himself.

patronised by the King. Possibly his courtier-like ways had aroused a democratic spirit among the Academicians, and for the first time they determined to act in opposition to the King's views, which favoured the claims of Sir David Wilkie, who on the election day was gazetted Serjeant-Painter to the King. When the Academicians met in the evening the regular balloting was abandoned, and as each member arrived he was met at the door, and "before he could take off his great-coat," says Haydon, he had to write down the name of the man he wished to nominate. As soon as eighteen votes were obtained for Shee and two for Wilkie, showing that an absolute majority of the whole body had voted, Shee was declared duly elected. The new President was a good speaker, and a



LORD LEIGHTON.
1878-1896.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

man of pleasant manners. He had been elected an Academician in 1800, and had obtained a certain reputation as a portrait-painter, and was known popularly as the

"great founder of the tip-toe school," from the almost unvarying attitude of his figures. If he was not a great artist, Shee was a man of many diversions. He wrote "Rhymes on Art," as well as dissertations thereon. He published a three-volume novel, "Old Court" (anonymously) and a tragedy, "Alasco," which, for political grounds, it was said, could not be acted.

On Shee's death in 1850 there were at least two great painters on whom the honour of the Presidency might have been conferred—Turner and Landseer. The former was never named, and the latter, it is asserted, voluntarily stood aside. If we are to accept Lady Eastlake's story, the Queen on this occasion did not waive the rights established by her grandfather to intervene. In a letter from Colonel Phipps to Landseer, Prince Albert's equerry said that "the Queen and Prince earnestly hoped that the Academy would elect Mr. Eastlake, as by far the best person to fill the office." The Academicians of the day accepted the advice, and, out of thirty-three members present, thirty voted for Mr. Charles Eastlake, two for



SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.
1830-1850.

From a Drawing by J. Jackson, A.R.A.

George Jones, a painter of battle-pieces, who bore a remarkable likeness to the first Duke of Wellington, and, consequently, always appeared in top-boots; and one for Mr. H. W. Pickersgill. In 1855 Eastlake added to his duties as President of the Royal Academy those of the Director of the National Gallery, and from that time ceased to paint, but devoted his time to writing upon art and to collecting works of the early German and Italian painters for the National Gallery.

Sir Francis Grant, who succeeded to the Presidency in 1866, had begun life as a barrister; but the sudden inheritance of £10,000 is said to have induced him to become a painter. He was endowed with charming manners, possessed a facile brush, and could draw a horse and its rider with equal dexterity. "Breakfast at Melton," "The Meet of H.M.'s Staghounds," and "Ascot Hunt"



SIR FRANCIS GRANT.
1866-1878.

were works which brought him into notice, and the friends whom he had made while spending his money proved valuable patrons when he settled down to his art. His election as President was probably another instance of Court favour; but it was not only willingly voted by the Academicians, but proved to be generally popular and successful. His work was never of very great power, but was superficially correct, and although an excellent speaker on ceremonial occasions, he never attempted to discourse on art. His death happened suddenly in 1878, and the succession to the Presidency devolved upon Frederick Leighton, whose services to art in every branch are too well known, and have been too recently rehearsed to need further notice here. There are no grounds for supposing that Leighton's election was not in accordance with the wishes of his brother Academicians, but there is equally no reason to suppose that the Crown altogether waived the rights it had always exercised of having a word to say in the choice of the President of the Royal Academy.

LITERATURE.

ASPECTS OF PARIS IN PAST AGES.

Paris de Siècle en Siècle. Texte, Dessains, et Lithographies par A. Robida. (Librairie Illustrée, 8, Rue Saint-Joseph, Paris.)—No great city of Western Europe shows equally with Paris the effects of that passion for grand architectural reconstruction which effaces by wholesale demolition the visible memorials of antiquity. But it would scarcely be just to charge the French nation, elsewhere than in these transformations of its magnificent capital, with levity and disregard of historical associations in the treatment of old buildings. Few of the provincial towns have neglected to care for what reminds us of ancient France, with its rich memories of ecclesiastical, feudal, chivalrous, and energetic municipal life, and with its imposing monuments of Roman Gaul. This conspicuous difference between the conduct of succeeding generations of Frenchmen towards the works of their ancestors, in the restless metropolis and in the country at large, is a proof that the facile estimate of national character from a superficial glance at the habits and fashions of the presiding city should not be relied upon. Ample evidence and convincing argument might be cited, if our space would allow it, for the opinion that Frenchmen are naturally rather conservative of such objects and customs as have been familiar to themselves and their forefathers in local experience. A village innkeeper or shopkeeper is apt to know more of the old church or the old castle than one of the same class in England; and the instances of wanton destruction, from motives of spite and contempt, or of spoliation for the gain of building materials, have been less frequent than in our own country. The Parisian temper has always been more furious and violent when excited by fanaticism or by the rage of revolutionary sects—whether at the instigation of priests, in the times of Guise and the Catholic League, or in the orgies of Jacobin democracy or the Commune of 1871. Paris, in short, is not all France, however dominant externally and unquestionably ornamental; and much that may, perhaps, be censured or regretted in the two famous actions of which that superb city has been the scene was due to the temporary ascendancy of intriguing factions with an unstable populace brought together for terrorist outrages, by ruthless conspirators seizing the rule of the State. This was an expedient as often practised by princes, nobles, and prelates of the Church as by the Republicans or Social Democrats of latter days. But all those Parisian outbreaks of violence, however sanguinary, did less to wreck and sweep away the edifices of mediæval antiquity than has been done by the decrees of ambitious monarchs and the compulsory operations of a subservient municipality bent on vast schemes of metropolitan adornment, the result of which is congenial to modern taste. Without in any way disparaging the elegance, the grandeur, and the convenience of existing Paris, the mere student of history in old streets and buildings may examine M. Robida's attractive and interesting work of a skilful pen and pencil in this handsome large volume, with its twenty-five full-sized page lithographs, partly coloured, and two or three hundred other drawings. It will be found a tolerably complete and accurate record of the past, down to the period of the Emperor Napoleon III. Some of us who visited Paris forty years ago, before the commencement of those great alterations effected in his reign, may be content with this separation of all that they could then behold and learn by study, at a time when the Romantic literary school, by such writers as Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Alfred de Vigny, had left strong impressions fresh in their minds from the changes which they have observed in their later visits. For these improvements, admirably effective as they may appear to the present and future generations, tend to uniformity of grandeur and of grace, not to the multiplicity of picturesque and characteristic features which is so dear to the feeling of imaginative romance. It is a fond and foolish sentiment, no doubt, for old Paris, under the Valois, must have been an abominable city, and good Englishmen would not have cared to reside there under the Bourbons. Yet one turns willingly over the leaves of this volume, inspecting many views of Notre Dame and the fine old Gothic churches happily still preserved with the abbeys and convents; the turretted mansions or private hôtels of wealthy families, with their stately portals and inner courts; the towers and steeples, the cloisters of monks, the gabled house-fronts of citizen dwellings, the birthplaces of notable persons, the foires and market-places; the haunts of students in the Quartier Latin, quaint nooks and corners, alleys and lanes and carrefours, where curious adventures took place: one does not find the Bastille, the Louvre, or the Tuileries, and but few scenes of the Revolution. It is mostly the history of Paris from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century that is recalled by these sketches, though later events are mentioned in the further anecdotal comment. Intermixed with views of buildings are some designs representing tumults and street fights, massacres, duels, assassinations, St. Bartholomew's Day, the day of the Barricades, the guillotine in 1793, and other grim historical blots on the fame of Paris. The author and artist of this work has given us here a new example of his varied talents.

AN INDIAN SIKH PRINCE IN EUROPE.

My Travels in Europe and America, 1893. By his Highness the Raja-i-Rajgan Jagatjit Singh of Kapurthala. (G. Routledge and Sons.)—The visit of the Raja of Kapurthala to England during the London season of the year before last was gratifying to all who met one of the most amiable and enlightened native rulers of Indian provinces allied in loyal and cordial friendship with the British Empire. His Highness, who is perfectly master of our language, relates in this volume, printed with ample marginal space on paper of monumental solidity, and elegantly bound, his impressions of a tour performed in eight months, comprising several European capitals and interesting cities, besides an excursion to America, where he saw the Chicago Exhibition. Naples, Rome, and Milan, Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, and Venice, a little of Southern Germany and Switzerland, contributed to his intelligent admiration of our part of the world. His observations prove him to be a man of good sense and good taste, an accomplished gentleman, liberal in spirit, candid and kindly in his thoughts of men and nations foreign to his own race and creed. The style in which he writes has no other peculiarity than an apparent effort to be punctiliously correct, with that succinct brevity and simplicity which authors conscious of high rank are apt to assume; but he occasionally uses words of feminine tenderness, such as "sweet" and "beloved," in a way not common among Englishmen at the present day. The sincerity of his goodwill towards us all, and of



THE SORBONNE, PARIS.

From "Paris de Siècle en Siècle."

his gratitude for any courtesies or civilities that were shown to him, is not the less agreeably expressed; and frankness in an Asiatic is a virtue so meritorious that he wins the more esteem. Jagatjit Singh is a pleasing visitor, because he is willing to be pleased. If we do not lay much stress upon his opinions, it is not that they are worthless, but that they are generally identical with those of most European tourists who have seen the places and persons that he describes. His comparison between London and Paris may safely be anticipated; we cannot altogether deny that some of our streets are "sombre in appearance, uneven, and irregular," or that the atmosphere, even in May, was often murky, or that the Sundays were, to a stranger at the Savoy Hotel, likely to be very dull. The opening of the Imperial Institute by her Majesty the Queen, the wedding of the Duke of York with Princess May, a reception at Windsor Castle, interviews with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Kimberley, and Lord Rosebery, inspections of the British Museum, the Zoological Gardens, the Crystal Palace, and the Earl's Court Exhibition, a dinner at the Mansion House, a concert at the Albert Hall, Hurlingham, Henley Regatta, and Epsom races, with a few balls and garden-parties, and the hearing of a debate in Parliament, are experiences of which a Punjab native grandee can tell us nothing new. He left them for the brighter and livelier scenes of Paris during three weeks of June, and was at New York on July 21, patiently enduring the swarm of newspaper reporters there and in other cities of the United States, indeed rather amused by all they said of him. The cataract of Niagara, and the World's Fair at Chicago, each in its way seemed to him very big, and it is unnecessary here to say more of either.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The literary event of the week, and of many weeks, is the publication of a new edition of Gibbon. It is a remarkable fact that full fifty years have intervened between the publication of two in any way adequately edited editions of the great classic history of our language. It was in 1839 that Dean Milman edited Gibbon, and although the book was in some measure re-edited by Dr. William Smith in 1854, Dr. Smith can scarcely be commended as superior in any way to the other worthy hacks who have tried their skill upon the masterpiece.

It is sufficiently discreditable that Gibbon should have found no competent editor between 1839 and 1896; but it is, perhaps, even more worthy of note that the best edited Gibbon, when it appears, should not emanate from one of the older publishing houses, nor from the press of either of the sister Universities. The new Gibbon is printed at the University Press of far-away Aberdeen; it is edited by a Dublin Professor, and it is published by Messrs. Methuen. The reader, at any rate, who will be enabled to renew his acquaintance with Gibbon in a delightfully modern type and in a light and handy volume, will see no reason to worry himself over the question of printer or publisher. But that the editor should be well equipped for his task is essential, and of Professor Bury's qualifications there can be no doubt. The Professor has already done good service to historical scholarship, and in the

Introduction, some seventy pages in length, which he attaches to the first volume of Gibbon, he shows an abundant tact and judgment. He indicates particularly those points of scholarship in "The Decline and Fall" wherein Gibbon has been corrected and supplemented by the learned historians of Germany during our own time.

It is not generally known, by the way, that Gibbon's history was once "Bowdlerised" for the family circle, and by no less a person than the renowned Bowdler himself. We have all heard of Bowdler's "Shakspeare"; but few people, I imagine, are familiar with Bowdler's "Gibbon," which was published in 1825, in six volumes, under the title "Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall, for the Use of Families and Young Persons, reprinted from the original Text, with the careful Omission of all Passages with an Irreligious or Immoral Tendency." In the preface Bowdler informs his readers that he is confident that Gibbon would himself have approved his plan. In a note we learn that it was "the peculiar happiness of the writer to have so purified Shakspeare and Gibbon that they no longer raise a blush on the cheek of modest innocence, nor plant a pang in the heart of the devout Christian."

The publication by Messrs. Macmillan of Mr. George Saintsbury's "Nineteenth Century Literature," uniform with the "Elizabethan Literature" by the same writer and the "Eighteenth Century Literature" of Mr. Edmund Gosse, recalls the fact that in Messrs. Macmillan's original catalogue the "Nineteenth Century" was assigned to Professor Dowden, and the "Early English Literature" to Mr. Stopford Brooke. Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Early English Literature" has appeared, but in two substantial volumes; and for some unexplained reason, Professor Saintsbury has taken Professor Dowden's place as the historian of nineteenth century literature.

Negotiations are in prospect for the purchase, on behalf of the Guildhall Library, of the celebrated philological library which was formed by the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte. This library consists of 25,000 printed books and a number of valuable manuscripts. The latter include a unique collection of Basque manuscripts. The price set upon the library is 6000 guineas, which, according to a prospectus issued by the committee who are sending round the hat for subscriptions, is, in the opinion of experts, below its actual value. It will be interesting to know who the experts are who put this price upon the library, and what their commercial capacity for making an estimate may be. One very qualified bibliophile assures me that if the library were sold at Sotheby's it would not fetch £1500, and this surely is the only test of value that can be recognised when a great Corporation is making a purchase.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has beaten Mr. Grant Allen as a competitor for literary prizes. We all remember that the latter once won a £1000 prize from the proprietors of *Tidbits*; Mr. Julian Hawthorne has won a £2000 prize from Messrs. Scribner for a novel entitled "A Fool of Nature." Mr. Hawthorne, we are told, wrote the story in nineteen days, which means that he earned £100 per day for eighteen successive days and £200 on the nineteenth. Assuredly this is a Golden Age for authors.

It has been suggested that Mr. Alfred Austin can have obtained very little enjoyment from his appointment to the Laureateship on account of the more or less severe things which have so constantly appeared in the newspapers. As a matter of fact, the Poet Laureate—who, by the way, has not yet left England for the South—is in the very best of spirits; one reason, perhaps, for this being that he has never subscribed to a press-cutting agency.

C. K. S.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF ASHANTI.

BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

The Ashanti Expedition is over, and, in the stress of more stirring stories, has already become almost a matter of ancient history. Most of those who were dispatched so hurriedly to the deadly Gold Coast to bring King Prempeh to his senses are back in the Old Country; but to them the events of the brief but fateful campaign seem to stand out at a distance with a vividness which they did not possess on the scene of their occurrence. No European who has been on the Gold Coast for however short a time is likely to forget either the country or its climate. Those who took part in the march to Coomassie have had burned into their memories, if not the horrors of actual war, at least the almost necessary accompaniments of disease, which laid low thirty-five per cent. of the men and has bereft England of a Prince, who, in obedience to the instincts of his race, became a soldier.

It was on Nov. 29 that I left Liverpool on the good ship *Loanda*, to represent *The Illustrated London News* in the expedition, the Medical Staff Corps being among my fellow-passengers. We reached Cape Coast Castle, one of the strongholds of the south-west coast of Africa, on Dec. 20. There I saw Prince Henry of Battenberg, and sketched him during breakfast, to which I had been invited by Prince Christian. Soon we set out for Coomassie, which is about 150 miles further inland. Not a long journey, perhaps, but altogether unforgettable. After you have tramped that road, through the dark, dingy forest, with its rotting, luxuriant vegetation, its foetid swamps, and its humid atmosphere, you will have some idea of what Bunyan's pilgrims experienced in the Slough of Despond. Here and there, it is true, comes a clearing like glimpses of a promised land, but hope is shortlived, for the traveller soon has to plunge back into the fatal forest, where fever lurks at every footstep. It is, in short, a journey in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The days, for the most part, are warm and muggy. When night falls and darkness comes, everything is chill as with the touch of death, and it is then that the hapless traveller, who has perspired freely all day, runs the risk of falling a victim to the fever and ague which are the terrors of that part of the world. The vitality both of body and mind is lowest. And yet it was with good spirits that the little army, some 1200 strong, set out from the coast for the capital of Prempeh's dominions. The extraordinary difficulties of travel for even a column so small may be gauged from the fact that we were accompanied by some 10,000 carriers, hardy specimens of the natives who have been equipped by nature and inured by practice to stand the rigours of the country. A carriage consists of a long pole on which the load is strung. Attached at right angles to the extremities are cross-bars, and these are borne on the heads of the porters, two at each end. It is a very primitive mode of transport, and a slow one, the rate of progress being not more than two and a half to three miles an hour. At first a passenger does not take very kindly to the vehicle, and it is not an ideal ambulance for the sick.

Our first important stoppage was at Prahsu, which is almost a half-way house in the route, about five days' journey from the coast. It was at Prahsu that I first came across Prince Henry during the march. Disguised as he was in a colonel's uniform—blue serge tunic, karki sergo trousers, and puttees—the strikingly handsome figure of the

Prince was quite unmistakable. A young recruit, doubtless, yet he had become a soldier heart and soul, entering into the spirit of the expedition with enthusiasm, meeting his comrades from day to day with unaffected good humour, and facing the hardships of the dreary march with the cheerfulness of an old campaigner. Everybody who came in contact with him liked him, and the column had made up its mind that the Prince was, in the jargon of the day, "one of the best." One evening he dined with us of the Press gang, bringing Prince Christian and Major Piggott with him, who is now acting British Resident in Coomassie during the absence on leave of Captain Donald Stewart, and a right merry night we had of it. The Prince made himself thoroughly at home. His fine voice sounded true and clear as he sang us an Italian air,

he had come out to Ashanti. He answered me frankly. "When I got my colonelcy," he said, "I told Lord Wolseley that in the event of active service I should like him to give me a chance. When news of the difficulty in Ashanti came, I wrote to the Commander-in-Chief for a post, because here the dangers of the climate make the chances between Prince and private equal." That, indeed, was the keynote of his conduct throughout the whole affair.

At Moinsi I was attacked by fever, and was carried across Kwisa Hill to a little hut. There the Prince came to see me, as he visited anybody who fell a victim to the dangers of the march. It was at Kwisa that he went out shooting one day with Dr. Cunningham, who represented the *Lancet*. The Prince brought down a

lovely bronze-wing pigeon, and was in high spirits. He came into my hut on his way to his quarters to find me in my hammock dosing myself with antipyrin and quinine, the invaluable remedies for fever. "You look very fit, Sir," I remarked as he asked me how I was getting on. "Well," he replied, "a man never knows." The words were prophetic. Next day the whole camp learned that the Prince was down with fever. Everybody felt anxious, and a strange gloom fell over all of us.

It was decided to send him to the hospital-ship *Coromandel*, lying off Cape Coast Castle. I shall never forget the morning he left us. He made a good start, it is true, for his mail, which had just arrived, was a heavy one, doubtless containing many happy messages from home. But all of us thought of the long seven days' journey in front of him, and a thrill went through the camp as we watched the sick Prince carried in his cot, his sword and his pistol tied to the front of it. We never saw him again.

It was all the harder in view of the fact that we were just three days' distance from Coomassie. How nearly he had reached the goal of our expedition! On Jan. 18 we entered the capital. The goal had been reached at last, yet the end of our journey was distinctly disappointing; and as it seemed after the long, dreary march which our expedition, expensively fitted out, had been forced to take, there was little to be seen and little to do. For what is Coomassie, after all? Simply a clearing on the way—a little larger, perhaps, than many we had passed—dotted here and there with miserable mud huts, the palace itself but a burlesque. The

greeting that Prempeh offered us was, to say the least of it, grotesque. There he sat with his chiefs and his curious bodyguard—three scarlet-clad dwarfs capering before his Majesty, who was seated beneath a huge velvet umbrella, his neck and arms loaded with gold beads and nuggets, a black-and-gold tiara serving as his crown. The submission of this troublesome potentate was very simple after all, and seemed hardly worth the trouble that had been taken to bring him to his senses. The expedition had been successful; if there was little to show for it, something had been done to ensure the non-recurrence of trouble in that part of the world, and yet at what a cost! To everybody came the feeling of disappointment that the soldier-Prince had not been able to see the end of it. The march back to the coast, even with the knowledge of success, was a sad one. We all felt that we had lost a good honest comrade, whose soldierly bearing, spirit, and pluck had been shown again and again in a difficult line of march, who promised to become a soldier-Prince of whom his adopted country might well be proud.



THE 'ASHANTI EXPEDITION: MEN OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT CLEARING A SPACE IN THE FOREST, ON THE RIVER ADRA, FOR THEIR TENTS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

and none applauded more heartily than he the sentiment proposed by one artist: "If any of us is put to the pinch, let him be found not wanting." We felt that the Prince was really one of us for the time being at least, for as he said one day to me, "We're all in the same billet." I often used to see him practising with his four-barrelled revolver, which, alas! he was never to have a chance of using in earnest. Yet opportunities were not wanting for the Prince to show his pluck. At Abrufru, where we pitched the camp at the bottom of Moinsi Hill, a riot broke out among our carriers. It was a wild scene, the savage nature of the men of colour coming out as it seldom did. But the Prince was not afraid. He went boldly down among the combatants, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and a look on his face of a man who was not to be trifled with. One hapless wretch was being belaboured to death by his infuriated fellow-carriers, and the Prince rescued him bravely from the ghastly scrimmage, and brought him to Surgeon-Captain Hilliard to be bandaged. I accompanied the Prince on his way to the ambulance and asked him why



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: OCCUPATION OF COOMASSIE BY THE BRITISH TROOPS, JANUARY 17, 1896.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear," says the poet, with a self-confidence which I am very far from sharing. My Editor bids me discourse about things in general—not an easy thing to do when one resides and cries aloud in a wilderness, or, at least in a remote and ancient city by the sea. Add the sweet influences of a malady that incapacitates the patient from eating, drinking, smoking, tasting, smelling, and the indulgent reader will perceive that, if I am unusually dull, like Addison, I have particularly good reasons for being so.

I want to know what the President of the Folk-Lore Society has been doing to cause a disturbance in all the realm of nonsense. Once, "simple as you see me," I was President of the F.L.S.—a kind of King Log, who never troubled the waters. But the "new President of the Immortals," as Æschylus says, after Mr. Thomas Hardy, has made a speech, or an Address, or sent a Message (perhaps that is the right phrase in speaking of a President), which has turned the friends of Cinderella upside down. What it was all about I know not, still less do I see how you can, constitutionally, proceed against a President. In such cases it is usual to try assassination. But the Folk-Lore Society, if discontented, have magic and spells at their command, and can perforate a sheep's heart with pins, to their President's "intention," as Cardinals Manning and Newman did Masses at each other.

The Newman-Manning disturbance is "too ramified for me." Could not a popular edition of Mr. Purcell's book be published, with only the fun and rows left in, and the dull things left out? Plenty would need to be excised, an abundance of "copy," whence it is hard work to disengage the lively scenes and passages. I am on Cardinal Newman's side, if a side I must take; though, on the whole, the worthy prelates seem to have been more remarkable for subtlety than straightforwardness, especially Manning. Or perhaps he never knew exactly what he *did* mean, as in the matter of Home Rule, and could easily persuade himself that he had meant what, in the long run, turned out to be most expedient. Blessed are they who have no biographers, especially no Mr. Froude or Mr. Purcell. People are always interested in anything personal, otherwise I do not quite see why we should disquiet ourselves in vain about the squabbles of the Catholic clergy.

An energetic inquirer lately asked me to write down the names of the "Hymns that had Helped Me." His purpose was to publish a collection of the hymns that had helped *me*, and had helped Dr. Jameson, and Jabez Balfour, and Mr. Grant Allen, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Mr. Henry Labouchere, and Taylor the golfing champion, and Mr. W. G. Grace, and Mr. Ruskin, and the Rev. Joseph Parker. I choose these distinguished names entirely at adventure, and by way of guess, merely as examples of modern celebrities. Perhaps not one of them was invited to send in the hymns that had helped him; in any case the good, the wise, the famous were being appealed to, like myself.

that "the New Christianity" in this country *has* a "business method." The Yankee paper offers a prize for this problem in spiritual arithmetic: "If an Individual is a Church, what is a Husband and Wife?" Two churches, of course, as each is an individual. "Some writers appear to doubt that an individual *could* be a Church." These individuals have forgotten Davie Deans, who was the Kirk of Scotland. The prize offered for the best essay is "Wood's Natural History, with the interlinear Greek English New Testament thrown in," very useful combined authorities towards the solution of the problem in spiritual arithmetic. There is an article headed "Marriage Purity. All

Rights Reserved." It is so very pure that I do not offer any extracts. Then there is some wild philology, and, on the whole, I prefer the *old* Christianity to the new Philadelphia article.

Mr. Traill has "taken the word out of my mouth," as the preacher said to the old woman. He has written a parody of Mr. Grant Allen's "British Barbarians," styled "The Barbarous Britishers." (Lane.) I have not seen it yet, but I have laid aside my own effort at burlesque of the Anti-Marriage novelists in general. Ridicule is not always a fair weapon, but, honestly, I think it fair when a propaganda is urged, not by simple argument, but by help of tracts disguised as fiction, and intended for that ignorant, illogical, and emotional congregation, the young women of the middle classes. They cannot be reached by sober and scientific reasoning, otherwise the other side would not be obliged to appeal to them by parables at six shillings, or whatever the price may be. This kind of romantic parable can only be encountered by chaff, by banter,

by burlesque—if the ideas in the parables *could* be burlesqued! Mr. Traill has both wit and wisdom, and knowledge of books and of the world—a dash of the fun of the *Anti-Jacobin* may be expected. But, after all, can the fair logicians take a joke when it is placed before them?

The novel which I can "recommend to a friend" is Mr. Frederick Moncrieff's "The X Jewel." (Blackwood.) The historical period is new in fiction—namely, the days when "Captain James" was ruling Scotland, under James VI., and fighting the seditious Kirk. Mr. Moncrieff knows his period and its humorous, and tells a good tale of cloak and sword. The *advocatus Diaboli* may say that he follows Mr. Stanley Weyman's method. Perhaps he does, but it is in a fresh field, and the book, to my taste, is most beguiling. Besides, Mr. Moncrieff possesses what Mr. Weyman lacks—humour.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.—KING PREMPEH'S GUARD: MEN OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

I replied that the Homeric hymns had helped me most, especially those to Demeter and Aphrodite. At all events, I did not help much to advertise a hymn-book! The plan is to set the papers gabbling about Mr. Gladstone's favourite hymn, and Lord Rosebery's best beloved paraphrase, and the Psalm tune peculiarly dear to Mr. George du Maurier. Why not have a book of Biblical texts on the same principle? It is not the texts, it is not the hymns that the public is expected to care for—it is for the dear opportunity of talking personalities, and "why does Mr. Gladstone like 'Rock of Ages,' and why does Mr. John Morley prefer *Dies Irae*."

A religious paper has been sent to me from America. It is called *The New Christianity*, and a leading article is headed "We must have a Business Method." Such a conception as a hymn book selected by notoriety proves



Sir John Budge.

DR. JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS AT BOW STREET, TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23.

Sketched in Court by our Artist.

H. N. Grenfell. R. J. K. Smith. C. H. Villiers. J. Stacey. Hon. H. White. Ralph Grey. Hon. H. F. White. Sir J. Willoughby. Dr. Jameson.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: KING PREMPEH'S LAST STATE RECEPTION.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



1. Washing Day at Esiamar Kuma.
2. Headquarters at Brafu Edru.

3. First Morning Market at Ejinassi: Natives returning to a deserted Village, bringing Fruit, Fowls, and other Provisions for Sale.

4. "The Drinkwater" at Kwasa.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

On Monday next (March 2) his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. will enter his eighty-seventh year. I had occasion to remark a few weeks ago that for at least a half-century the Holy Father has been in indifferent health, and I alluded at the same time to a prophecy to the effect that Joachim Pecci, if he did not die before he was thirty, would live till he was sixty, and, if he did not die then, might become a centenarian—at any rate, would not depart this life until he was on the other side of ninety.

I sincerely trust that the prediction may prove true, for there can be little doubt in anyone's mind with regard to the moderation and tact shown by the successor of Pius IX. during a very trying, arduous, and difficult reign of nearly two cycles. It is a moot point whether a younger man would have shown an equal amount of wisdom, for we must remember that when the Archbishop of Perugia ascended the see of St. Peter, left vacant by the death of Count Mustaf Ferretti, the span of life allotted to man here on earth was nearly run. Yet no act of his has ever shown the symptoms of the mental decay we generally associate with very old age. The same thing may confidently be asserted in the case of Queen Victoria, and from what we know of the character and temperament of Wilhelm I. of Prussia, and first German Emperor, we may almost take it for granted that he would not have committed the rash act his grandson was lately guilty of.

I am not suspected of great partiality to the memory of Adolphe Thiers; I am, nevertheless, compelled to admit that in 1871 and the next two years no other Frenchman could have piloted France through the stormy period she had to traverse with the same degree of skill and safety; and in saying this I leave aside the somewhat overrated, though nevertheless remarkable, fact of the loans. Adolphe Thiers at that time was considerably over seventy.

On April 1 Bismarck will celebrate his eighty-first birthday. I have an idea that at the present moment he would be a safer man at the helm than the young Emperor, though at the same time I am inclined to think that if he were twenty years younger—say, the age he was when he engaged in the Kulturkampf—he would not be quite as safe in the home crisis Germany is traversing. He would probably be too aggressive.

All these little thoughts have been suggested to me in connection with a statement that has just appeared in one of the most influential of French contemporaries, setting forth the age of the various members of the French Senate. The justification for those statistics is to be found in the conflict that is being waged between the Second French Chamber and the Ministry, the cause of which conflict is not pertinent to the purport of these remarks. The statement is practically a reply to the oft-repeated taunt of the enemies of that body that, in consequence of the advanced age of the majority of its members, it is unfit to play an active part in legislating for the country. This, of course, is only a slightly altered preamble to the periodically attempted and equally periodically frustrated measure to abolish the Senate altogether. To a certain extent, however, the assailants have discounted the force of their present attack beforehand by their own figures, for it so happens that, out of the 300 members of which the Senate is composed, only 123 are past the age commonly supposed to mark the beginning of a man's intellectual decay. Of course there are at this moment a few vacancies caused by death, but we may take it that the age of the deceased senators and not that of their probable successors had been taken into account.

I said "supposed to mark the beginning of intellectual decay." Leaving party feeling or religious conviction entirely aside, will anyone contend that Mr. Gladstone or Cardinal Manning or Tennyson showed symptoms of decay after they had reached three-score and ten years? Did Thiers, Molke, or Bismarck? Does Queen Victoria or King Christian of Denmark? One might write out a hundred names without consulting a biographical dictionary and ask the same question with regard to their bearers' intellectual activity after sixty, and in every case the answer would be that there was no diminution of power in that respect. Truly, the very fact of my having them at the tip of my pen shows that they were exceptional men; but among a good many that are mediocre, there are some very exceptional men in the French Senate—for instance Jules Simon, the Duc de Broglie, M. Freycinet, Berthelot, Adrien Hébrard, the editor of the *Temps*, and twenty or thirty others; and, pig-headed though mediocrity frequently is, it would be an injustice to superiority not to credit it with the potentiality to influence mediocrity now and then.

One thing, however, is very certain. If the Senate is incompetent to take its share of the law-making for France it must be by reason of the mental inferiority of its members generally, and not, as its enemies contend, in virtue of the mental inferiority of the majority of its members on account of their advanced age. The most wonderful institution the world has ever seen is the Papacy; and out of the 257 successors of Peter a great many were past the autumn of life when they assumed the triple tiara. There was one centenarian, and there were at least four nonagenarians among the Roman Pontiffs; the number of octogenarians is either nineteen or twenty, and at a rough guess, about fifty who died between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-nine. Most of these were enfeebled by fasts, the austerity of their lives, sedentary habits, and mental exertion carried to excess. Stone and gout were the common complaints when they ascended the Holy See; yet, it would be a bold thing indeed to say that those men suffered from mental decay.

CHESS.

M HOBHOUSE.—Your suggestion has had our most careful consideration; but having regard to the limits of our space, we do not see our way for the present to adopt it.

SORRENTO, T. ROBERTS, and W R B (Clifton).—We regret your indictment of No. 2706 is a true bill, and a fine problem is spoilt by a second solution.

W R RAILLEN.—You are right to a certain extent; but we would rather say it is because when the Knight is moved the King occupies a square that it cannot legally stand upon.

DR F ST (Camberwell).—We substitute the amended position, and trust to find it correct. We advise you not to say "A" again in a hurry.

H H P (Bath).—The Pawn must be taken directly, or not at all.

SUBSCRIBER (Belfast).—The problem is pretty, but too weak for special quotation.

C W (Sunbury), H T BAILEY, and CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Problems to hand, with thanks.

J J ALLEN (Calcutta).—Kindly send us a corrected diagram when you have safely arrived at your journey's end.

H W CARSON.—We are much obliged for the score, and congratulate your club on its success.

FRATER.—Because of Black's reply, B to R 5th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2699 to 2701 received from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2703 from A P (St. John, N.B.); of No. 2704 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2705 from W Cottam, J Whittingham (Welsphool), E G Boys, Emile Frau (Lyons), and R Curtis (Leicester); of No. 2706 from F Leete (Sudbury), W Cottam, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dr. F St, Emile Frau (Lyons), J Whittingham (Welsphool), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J F Moon, T Chown, E Louden, Ubique, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), and C W Smith (Stroud).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2707 received from James Gamble, Frank H Rollison, J Sowden, Ubique, Dr. F St, Shadforth, A Ludwig (Alsace), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Marie S Priestley (Bangor, Co. Down), Hereward, Dawn, S B Tallantyre, H E Lee (Ipswich), T G (Ware), Hermit, T Roberts, J Bailey (Newark), Frater, H T Atterbury, James Lloyd, E Louden, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W H S (Peterborough), E E H, Oliver Ieigla, F James (Wolverhampton), C E Perugini, R Worters (Canterbury), F W C (Edgbaston), J F Moon, J S Wesley (Exeter), F Leete (Sudbury), Castle Lea, Captain Spencer, W R B (Clifton), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), F Waller (Luton), T G Randall (Liverpool), and H F Preston.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2706.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE.

1. R to K sq
2. Kt to K 5th
3. P to Q 4th. Mate.

If Black play 1. Q to R 8th, then 2. Q takes B, etc. There is another solution to this problem by 1. Q takes R (ch), Q takes Q; 2. Kt to K sq. If Black play 1. P to K 4th, 2. Kt takes P, etc.

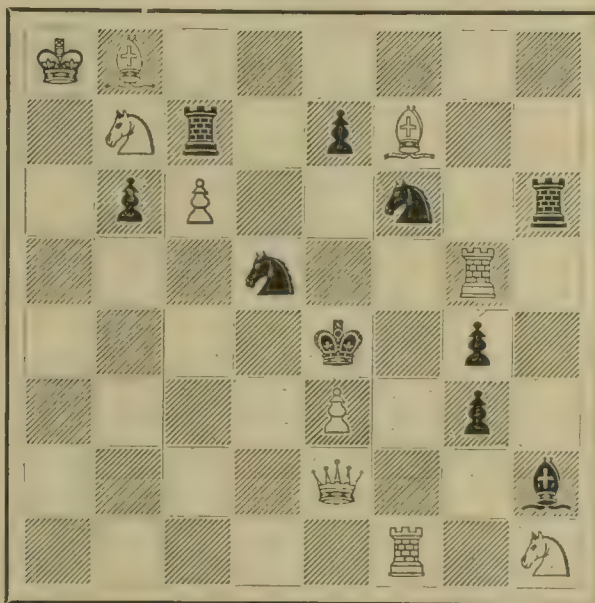
BLACK.

- Q takes Q
- K takes Kt

PROBLEM No. 2709.

By JOSE PALUZIE (Barcelona).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played at St. Petersburg between Messrs. LASKER and PILLSBURY on the one side, and Messrs. STEINITZ and TSCHEGORIN on the other. (Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (L. & P.)	BLACK (S. & T.)	WHITE (L. & P.)	BLACK (S. & T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q R to Kt sq	Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. B to R 3rd	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. P takes P	Kt to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	22. Q to B 4th	B to B sq
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	23. K R to Q sq	Kt to B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
8. P takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
9. Q to R 4th	B to Q 2nd		

Mr. Steinitz's theories are well illustrated in this peculiar variation, which, however, gives rise to a lively game.

10. P to Q 5th Kt to K 4th
11. Q takes B Kt takes B
12. Q to Kt 4th Kt to Kt 3rd
13. P to Q R 4th P to Q R 4th
14. Q to Q 4th Castles
15. Kt to B 3rd Kt to K sq
16. B to Kt 2nd Kt to B sq

It appears good enough to play (instead of this awkwardly disposing the forces) P to K B 3rd, and, with a Pawn to the good, adopt defensive tactics. The text move appears intended to strengthen the Queen's Pawn, with a view to advancing the Q B Pawn.

17. Kt to Q 2nd P to Q B 3rd
18. Kt to B 4th R to R 3rd

The Athenæum Chess Club has been showing fine form lately in the League competition. Not only has it defeated the City Club, but on Feb. 13 it succeeded in lowering the colours of the Metropolitan, the first defeat the latter has ever suffered, if our memory serves us. The Athenæum in this competition at close of play held the substantial advantage in score of 12 to 8.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I do not suppose that much more can be said regarding the "new photography" until further investigation settles for physicists the exact nature of the Röntgen rays. But such items as have been most recently discussed in connection with the discovery appear to favour the idea that the mysterious rays can be produced or originated by a variety of methods. Thus I read that an ordinary incandescent electric lamp may be made a source of the rays. What requires to be done is to connect one wire from an induction coil to the carbon filament, making it the "anode," the second wire being attached to a metal plate outside the lamp and serving as the "cathode." Meanwhile the application of the new photography is being extended to surgery with commendable zeal. Needles embedded in the tissues of the body have been discovered, and the seat of bone-disease photographed, so as to afford a confirmation of the medical diagnosis of the ailment. One of the most impracticable, or, I should say, purely theoretical, notions of the future application of the rays in medicine is the idea that by allowing the rays to penetrate to a diseased lung the bacilli of tubercle, which are known to be killed by exposure to sunlight, would be similarly disposed of by the "x" rays, and a cure effected. In face of the fact that the true nature of the new rays is quite unknown, the idea just mooted of their curative powers appears to be a trifle "too previous."

The questions whether burial is destructive of the germs of diseases contained in the buried bodies, and whether or not contamination of soil, water, and air is possible, are admittedly of the first importance in modern sanitation. In these days, when, happily, cremation is coming to the front as the only rational solution of the burial controversy, the survival of microbes in the earth may be regarded as a matter of indifference; but cremation is not yet a universal practice by any means, and in any case the point under discussion has a scientific interest all its own. Pasteur, it will be remembered, traced a noteworthy epidemic of anthrax or splenic fever to the germs of the disease brought up to the surface by earthworms from the buried carcasses of cattle that had perished of the ailment years before. He found the microbes in the worms, and proved his case by producing anthrax in a healthy animal through administering in its food the contents of the worm's digestive system.

The prevailing opinion has been that of according to microbes buried in the earth a fairly long spell of existence, and this idea has been maintained even in face of what we know concerning the very efficient filtration exercised by ordinary soil, and by peat and other materials. It was found that filtration through some five feet of soil practically sufficed to purify sewage thoroughly, but the process is a slow one. Now, in the process of burial, does microbial life disappear? I should say the answer depends on what one is disposed to describe as burial of proper and efficient kind. Certainly it is not the ordinary undertaker's ideas of burial which are indicated by Dr. Lössener in his recent experiments on microbe destruction in the earth. The ordinary mode of disposing of our dead, in often imperishable coffins and, as often as not, in a soil utterly unsuited for the easy and quick disintegration of the body, is past speaking about as an insanitary enormity. The contact of the soil with the body is about the last thing apparently desired in ordinary burial, whereas it is the one thing necessary for the practice of rational burial and for the perfect carrying out of its aims—the rapid, harmless, and effective taking to pieces, chemically speaking, of the dead frame.

Bearing in mind that any arguments to be drawn from Dr. Lössener's experiments are applicable to true burial only, and that in any view of things they do not invalidate the supreme value of cremation, we may now discover what the investigations in question are destined to teach us. Dr. Lössener found that the duration of the vitality of microbes buried in the soil varied greatly according to the species represented. Thus, it is not surprising to find that the bacillus of tetanus (or lock-jaw) remained alive and active for 234 days, because this germ naturally inhabits the soil. In 361 days, however, the tetanus germs had disappeared. Typhoid germs on one occasion only survived for 96 days, while cholera bacilli vanished in 28 days. The bacilli of tuberculosis were alive at the end of 95 and 123 days respectively. The germ of pneumonia (or inflammation of the lungs) survived for 28 days. The bacilli of anthrax, it is interesting to find, survived for the year, during which Dr. Lössener had them under observation. Pasteur's researches, therefore, receive a degree of confirmation from these recent investigations.

It is added that the effect of the soil influence was to prevent the extension of the buried germs to the subsoil and to water. The anthrax germs were in this respect again, an exception to the rule, for they succeeded in penetrating to the surrounding soil. In other cases, the earth close below the buried animal's carcass was found to be free from infection. These are somewhat reassuring results, but, as I have said, so long as ordinary burial continues to be represented in our midst, Dr. Lössener's conclusions can have no application at all; and cremation remains now, as always, the only safety for the living in protecting them from infection through the medium of the dead.

A gentleman writing from Westchester County, New York (who tells me that he is "the oldest continuous subscriber to *The Illustrated London News* in America, having subscribed through the International News Company and their predecessors for forty-three years"), remarks that he possesses water-finding powers, and uses a forked branch cut from one of his own peach-trees, and measuring about eighteen inches in length. But he adds that he experiences no personal or subjective symptoms or feelings at all. His own opinion is that the phenomena are electrical in their nature; which statement, however, does not throw any further light on the origin of the alleged powers.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

After all, what is the use of sitting at home by the fire thinking about fashions, or idly turning over the leaves of a French newspaper in search of clothes which shall be worthy of being dubbed novel, when a hansom cab and a shilling will deposit one at the Maison Jay, where fashion is always an event which casts its shadow before? It is a fact well known to the connoisseur that at Jay's you may not only find the styles which are, but the styles which will be; and the authorities here never seem to go into mourning over the dead and gone fashions, as they really should, but to rejoice mightily and at once over every novelty as it puts in its appearance, while they devote themselves to its glorification with enthusiasm. The first small sleeve which ever appeared in London was worn by Miss Millward. I mean, of course, when I say the first small sleeve the first of this season, when we threaten to show a contempt for that of Brobdingnagian proportions; and this sleeve was made by Jay's, and so was its fellow. They were in a dress very like that one which appears on this page. An excellent dress this is, too, made of violet cloth, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon, fastened into small bows with tiny buckles; the corselet had a draped fichu of chiffon, edged with a kilted frill, and the costume was completed with a cape lined with white satin. It is a charming gown, and no woman could gaze at it without yearning for its prototype—always supposing that she be possessed of a slim waist, for the corselet is not a garment to be worn with impunity by a woman of extensive proportions. Among the new models at Jay's which I love very dearly is a gown of black and white check, made with a plain skirt and a short coat faced with fuchsia-coloured velvet worn over a full shirt of the finest embroidered lawn, which boasts a narrow lawn collar turned at the neck over a black silk cravat, which ties in the front and falls to the bust with pointed ends. This black cravat is a novelty, and a most becoming one too. It wants wearing, though; it needs to be put on by the hand of the expert, and it cries aloud for the little lawn or lace frill at the top. A very elaborate dress here, which suggests itself as ideal for wearing at a wedding, is of biscuit-coloured cloth, with the bodice made of ivory-satin, with an appliqué of turquoise velvet upon it traced with gold. Round the armholes are narrow little bands of turquoise velvet fastened into flat bows and drawn through paste buckles, and the sleeves are of the biscuit-coloured cloth, while a belt of gold galloon studded with turquoises finishes it at the waist. A simple coat and skirt made of brown cloth is idealised here with white cloth facings edged with narrow gold galloon, the front and top of the sleeves being trimmed with a curious black braid in a conventional design, while the white satin waistcoat is covered with a cream lace cravat. A navy blue canvas dress is most pleasing with its trimming of China-blue lawn; and a red chiffon bodice infinitesimally kilted shows an attractive decoration of cream embroidery traced with red thread. Sequins, it would appear, are to yield place to silken embroideries, and the prime favourites of fashion are in black and white.

I might have learnt a good deal more about clothes than this at Jay's, but the bell of the bicyclist, which was

the gaiter is by no means a necessity; the neat shoe and the cashmere or silken stocking—the latter in preference—look far smarter. The white linen collar round the neck, the touch of white linen at the wrists, should be ubiquitous; but, alas! there are many women who continue to feel they have done their decorative duty towards their necks when they have tied a piece of brightly hued ribbon into



A NEW GOWN.

an aggressive bow at the back. Those women who cannot wear linen collars—and I believe there are some such unfortunates—should adopt on a bicycle the white stock which ties at the front into a bow, and the most becoming hat for summer wear is the ordinary sailor trimmed with a plain ribbon. White gloves look smart, and so, indeed, do white facings to the coats, but in the immediate future we shall be forced to shed our coats, and be brought face to face with the extremely difficult problem—the shirt for bicycling.

After interviewing the bicyclists on that particular day I wandered to Hengler's Rink to exercise my critical privileges on the costumes of the skaters. One lady, however, disarmed criticism in a dark blue serge coat and skirt, the coat made with small sleeves, the white shirt front finished at the neck with a turn-down collar, and a belt of black. She was such a beautiful skater, too—a pupil, I learnt, of Plumet, who is certainly one of the best teachers to be found in the length and breadth of Europe, a fact testified to by the honour he received of being summoned to Buckingham Palace to teach the royal family. Plumet was disporting himself at Hengler's, too, in the picturesque costume of black cloth breeches and green braided coat. I shall endeavour personally to test his skill in teaching the unteachable. As a skater I do not excel, alas! But perhaps more important than my failings as an athlete is the advent of the new hat into fashionable circles.

I fancy I previously observed there are only three colours in straw which deserve consideration—purple, emerald-green, and black, which last, I believe, is not a colour, but no matter. The trimmings for these vary but in a slight degree, either taking the form of scarves of tulle or Russian net, erect bunches of flowers, or feathers. A popular trimming for a bonnet is grenadine ribbon. A remarkably pretty example of this, which I have met this week, boasted a crown of green straw, with a wreath of black roses round the brim, a bow of black grenadine ribbon at one side piped with black satin forming a background to a curious osprey elaborately *diamanté*. Although lacking, perhaps, logical excuse for their existence, the jewelled feathers are remarkably pretty, but a novelty in feathers which does not deserve such epithet is marabout fringed with tiny beads. These, however, put in their appearance on many of the Parisian models, but they should not be encouraged. A coloured straw crown I met in company with that bonnet I have but just described boasting a wreath of many-coloured roses lightly draped with black tulle. At one side of this a fan-shaped piece of tulle set up erect in the centre of two white ospreys, while at the back a broad bow of the tulle was arranged to rest on the hair. This was very simple and very effective, and by those women (alas! their name is not legion) who have a prejudice against the osprey, erect sprays of rosebuds might be accepted as an effective substitute.

Those among us who possess waists may be prepared to use them now, for the short-basqued jacket or bodice belted with suède, or jewels, or jet, or galon, promises to be exceedingly popular. Those cut in one with epaulettes, made sleeveless, are particularly

becoming to the slim figure, but they need to be cut by the hand of the expert. But this, indeed, may be justly said of all fashions which shall be worthy of our best regard.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

VERBENA.—Chiffon is by no means out of fashion, and, to my mind, there is no soft fabric ever invented which equals this in charm. Follow your own idea, therefore; but have a belt of gold galloon with jet motifs sewn on to it, and a collar-band of the same, with frills of the chiffon appearing over the top, but not meeting in the front. White roses and pansies would be the best combination, I fancy. Use the roses without any green leaves. Thanks for your letter.

MISS K.—I do not reply privately to letters. I should advise you to cut that picture out of my columns and forward it to Myrette, 95, Regent Street. She will let you have the sleeve pattern for ninepence, I think; it may be even cheaper.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

A very good date has been secured for a debate on the Women's Suffrage Bill, Mr. Faithfull Begg having obtained the twelfth place in the ballot and put the measure down for the first position on the last Wednesday before Whitsun, May 20. Thus nothing ought to interpose to prevent a division; and one is desired, because the question has not been before the House since 1892, when Sir Albert Rollit introduced it. The leadership of the opposition then was left in the feeble hands of Mr. Samuel Smith, who was, however, backed up by the consistent and untiring enemy of the cause, Mr. Gladstone, and also by Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Henry James (now Lord James of Hereford). To these Liberal opponents has this time, wonderful to relate, to be added Mr. John Morley, who has announced at Montrose that he intends to vote against a Women's Suffrage Bill. On the Conservative side, however, there is strong support; Mr. Faithfull Begg is a Conservative, and Mr. Balfour, Mr. Wyndham, Sir John Gorst, Sir Richard Webster, and many other leading men of the now paramount party are in favour of the Bill.

A good illustration of the increased readiness of men to invite women to posts of public influence and usefulness is the Bill introduced into the House of Commons at the very beginning of the Session by Mr. Johnston for permitting women to be members of Boards of Guardians in Ireland. Though a division was challenged on the second reading only the preposterous minority of eight went into the lobby against it, and it has already passed its third reading. There are now over eight hundred women guardians in England and Wales, and it is indeed satisfactory that, though it is to be expected that some of them must sometimes displease their fellow members, they have yet as a whole firmly established a general conviction of the usefulness and suitability of women representatives for this branch of public work.

A public meeting, at which this and other sources of congratulation were mentioned, was held on the 22nd inst. at St. Martin's Town Hall, by the Women's Local Government Society. Miss Browne, its able and devoted hon. secretary, had organised a great success. The chair was taken by Sir Arthur Arnold, Chairman of the London County Council. It will be remembered that on that particular form of local body women have now been declared legally ineligible to sit; but that the three ladies who were returned to the first London County Council by the rate-payers did such good work before that legal decision excluded them—especially in connection with the Lunatic Asylums and the "Baby Farming Acts"—that the Council has repeatedly officially petitioned Parliament to pass a short Act enabling women to be elected. It was therefore especially fitting for the Chairman of the Council to preside over the meeting of the society devoted to encouraging and helping women to join in such work. Lady Arnold, who accompanied her husband, was one of the members of the very first Women's Suffrage Committee ever formed.

This meeting of the Women's Local Government Society was a very distinguished one, both as regarded audience and speakers—Mr. Whiteley, Miss Eve, and Mrs. Homan, members of the London School Board; Mr. James Stuart, M.P.; Mr. Cyril Dodd, Q.C.; Lady Frederick Cavendish, and Mrs. Stanton Blatch, M.A., being amongst those on the platform. The speech of the afternoon was made by Miss J. O. Ford, of Leeds, who said the most "outdacious" things in so sweet a manner that nobody could take offence.

Mr. Dodd, Q.C., drew attention in his speech to the fact that the Local Government Act of last year has turned out to be a great disfranchising Act for women, for it has taken away the vote that was possessed by women owners. In one clause the Act declares that neither sex nor marriage shall be a disability for voting; but in another clause it assigns the Parliamentary register of votes as the one that shall show the qualification of certain classes of electors, and women who belong to those classes are not eligible to be placed on the register because of their sex. Hence they are practically disqualified.

Mrs. Drax, a Dorsetshire lady of property, has taken the trouble and expense of getting an authoritative decision as to whether this is really the effect of the Act. She claimed that the clause declaring there should be no disability of sex must override the accident of omitting to provide for a special register for women duly qualified. However, the first Court decided against her, and now the Court of Appeal has confirmed the decision. So Sir A. Rollit has consented to bring in a short Bill to amend this.

"John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard) rose at the recent meeting of the Society of Authors and suggested that, as it was so freely said that the society was of special use to lady authors and as in fact many of its annual subscriptions come from ladies, there ought to be at least one lady on the committee. This suggestion met with general acceptance, but one bold man murmured that he did not like the idea because he feared that the presence of even one lady would stop the committee from smoking. As Thackeray said: "The cigar is a rival of the ladies, and very often a successful one too." However, Mrs. Stannard murmured in her turn a hint that some lady authors smoke!

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



VIOLET CLOTH WALKING DRESS AND CAPE.

heard so constantly in the vicinity, tempted me to go and see the wheelers at work, and I wandered into the Park to meditate upon the indifference evinced to costume by those who will a-wheeling go. Dark colours are the most suitable for wear under such athletic circumstances, and

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Mr. CHARLES W. SOMERVILLE, of Hassenden Grove Park, Lee, Kent, writes: "While playing at football, I sprained my ankle so severely that for four weeks I despaired of ever using my foot again. I used St. Jacobs Oil, and in three weeks I was able to walk about and go to business; since then I have used the Oil for Neuralgia and Stiffness, and found it equally good."



Ye bold and fearless Knight "Sir Modern Science," with his goodly shield "St. Jacobs Oil," and trusty sword, doth gallantly rescue that suffering damsel "Humanity" from ye two fierce and ravenous Wolves called "Pain" and "Death."

Mr. THOMAS C. TURNER, Manager of *The Christian Advocate*, writes: "I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me of Lumbago; and it has been equally effectual in the cure of others to whom I have recommended it."

Mr. J. WILKINSON, 88, Bentham Road, South Hackney, London, suffered from Rheumatism in his feet and legs for 20 years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

Mrs. SARAH LARKIN, Burton-on-Trent, 70 years old, had suffered for many years severely from Rheumatism, tried many remedies without benefit, was perfectly cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

Mr. R. STRATFORD TUTE, Justice of the Peace, and Captain of the 4th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, of Granard, County Longford, Ireland, states: "I suffered dreadfully with a sprained ankle, and tried many things without success. Rheumatism set in and left me a complete cripple. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. The effect after three applications was simply marvellous; the pain at once departed, and has not since returned."

Mr. THOMAS JEFFERY, Elborow Street, Rugby, writes: "I had suffered with Sciatica a very long time. For two years I could not get a coat on, but by the application of St. Jacobs Oil to my limbs they are as free from pain and stiffness as they ever were, and I can work with ease."

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Armagh, Dr. G. A. Chadwick, who has been appointed a Bishop in the Church of Ireland, is an accomplished writer and an eloquent preacher. Among his principal books are commentaries on Exodus and Mark in the Expositor's Bible, and he is understood to be meditating an elaborate work on the life of Christ. This is not the first time that Dr. Chadwick has been nominated for a bishopric, but on the last occasion Archdeacon Meade had a majority of votes.

The portrait of the Bishop of London by Mr. Herkomer, which has been presented to him by his clergy and other pupils and friends, is described by "Peter Lombard" as "glorious." "The face is absolutely perfect. It is the living man." The portrait will soon be on view at the Royal Academy, and a limited number of engravings from it by a new process are to be published.

The highest salary paid to any choir singer in the world is received by the leading soprano in a New York church. It is the munificent sum of £900 a year.

The Dean of Westminster deserves credit for the pains he has taken to preserve Dr. Johnson's gravestone, and to make it more conspicuous to the public. He has had the ancient flaws in it made good with pieces of Irish marble. The lettering has been cut deep, and the letters filled with white cement. The gravestone is in the south transept.

The death is announced at Florence of Canon Childers, uncle of the late well-known politician. Canon Childers was in his ninetieth year, and for the long period of forty-one years was English chaplain at Nice. When he came back to England in 1884, he held for a few years the rectory of Arncliffe, Yorkshire.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that Westerns can never convert the Mohammedan world. Islam is an iron-bound, absolutely fixed religion, and cannot be grafted on the civilisation of the nineteenth century. The conversion of Mohammedanism must be done by Orientals, the churches of the East.

Father Dolling, who has been inhibited by the Bishop of Worcester from preaching at Evesham, writes: "These disappointments are specially hard, for my object in preaching is to raise money to pay off the debt on my old mission, for which I have made myself responsible."

The ceremony of "giving ashes" was practised on Ash Wednesday in St. Aidan's, Boston, as in former years. The priest dips his thumb in ashes of palms, and signs the sign of the cross on the forehead of the person kneeling before him, using these words, "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and that to dust thou shalt return." A Church paper wishes that more churches practised this symbolical and ancient devotion.

The Bishop of Hereford has laid the corner stone of the new Cathedral library, which is being erected by means of a legacy of £4000 left by the late Canon Powell. Canon Powell was anxious that a suitable home should be found

for the valuable missals and mediæval volumes now stored in the old archive chamber over the east side of the north transept.

A divorced person was married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, the other week, but in order to avoid the possibility of a public protest, the ceremony was hastily performed at the earliest hour on Sunday morning. A considerable number of persons assembled outside the church on Monday afternoon at the hour originally fixed for the service, and some of them were evidently bent on making a protest, but they found the church locked, and were informed there was to be no wedding. The incumbents of St. Marylebone Church and Quebec Chapel refused the use of these buildings.

MR. WILLIAM CARRUTHERS.

Mr. William Carruthers, F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., whose portrait, painted by Mr. P. A. Hay, was recently presented to the Linnæan Society, by Sir William Flower, on behalf of the subscribers, was a former president of the



MR. WILLIAM CARRUTHERS.

From the Portrait painted by P. A. Hay for the Linnæan Society.

society. He was born at Moffat, Dumfries, in 1830, and, after qualifying by his studies at Edinburgh University, entered the Department of Botany, British Museum, in 1859. He succeeded the late Mr. J. J. Bennett in the keepership of the department, and having reached the age limit of the Civil Service, retired last May. During his period of control the Department of Botany was very

greatly extended. On its removal to the new museum in Cromwell Road, Mr. Carruthers had to face not only a new organisation, but the creation of a new library, and within a few years he performed the remarkable feat of bringing together the most perfect botanical library in existence. His services to the science of botany, especially fossil botany, are well known. The presentation of his portrait to the Linnæan Society is designed to commemorate his successful presidency of the society.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1893) of Mr. Edward Henry Hills, late of Bourne Place, Hildenborough, 11, Grosvenor Square, and the Chemical Works, Deptford, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Jan. 29 by James Charles Barclay Harvey, the Rev. Edward Douglas Lennox Harvey, and Charles William Middleton Kemp, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £752,871. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £1000 and £150,000 to his wife, Mrs. Helen Hills, and £10,000 to the Royal Agricultural Society, upon trust, to apply the income thereof in investigating the value and uses of the rarer forms of ash (tertiary) in the cultivation of crops for the food of cattle and for human food. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one moiety thereof for his nephew and godson Malcolm Harvey, and the remaining moiety to his nephew and godson Lennox Harvey.

The will (dated June 30, 1893), with a codicil (dated Sept. 2, 1895), of Mr. Frank Ernest Hills, late of Redleaf, Penshurst, Kent, who died on Nov. 5, has been proved by Mrs. Constance Melanie Hills, the widow, and Arnold Frank Hills, the brother, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £610,578. The testator gives £1000, the income of £300,000, and the use, for life, of Redleaf to his wife; £1050 to the National Life-Boat Institution, for a life-boat to be called the *Constance Melanie*; £1000 each to the Poplar Hospital, the Tonbridge General Hospital, the Infant Orphan Asylum, and the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children; and legacies to servants. He devises his mansion house and park lands called Redleaf to his brother Edward Henry Hills, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, with remainder to his brother Arthur Frank Hills; and his freehold property in Fenchurch Street and Mincing Lane to his sister-in-law, Beatrice Wynne Roberts. The residue of his property he leaves between all his brothers and sisters living at the time of his death.

The will (dated March 25, 1891) of Mr. Charles Edward Stephen Cooke, J.P., late of St. Catherine's Hall, Loversall, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 28, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Jan. 30 by Sir Edward William Blackett, Bart., Colonel Henry Wise Ridley, and Charles Fisher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £192,000. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, £2000, and an annuity of £1500 during widowhood, to his wife, Lady Mary Cooke; £5000

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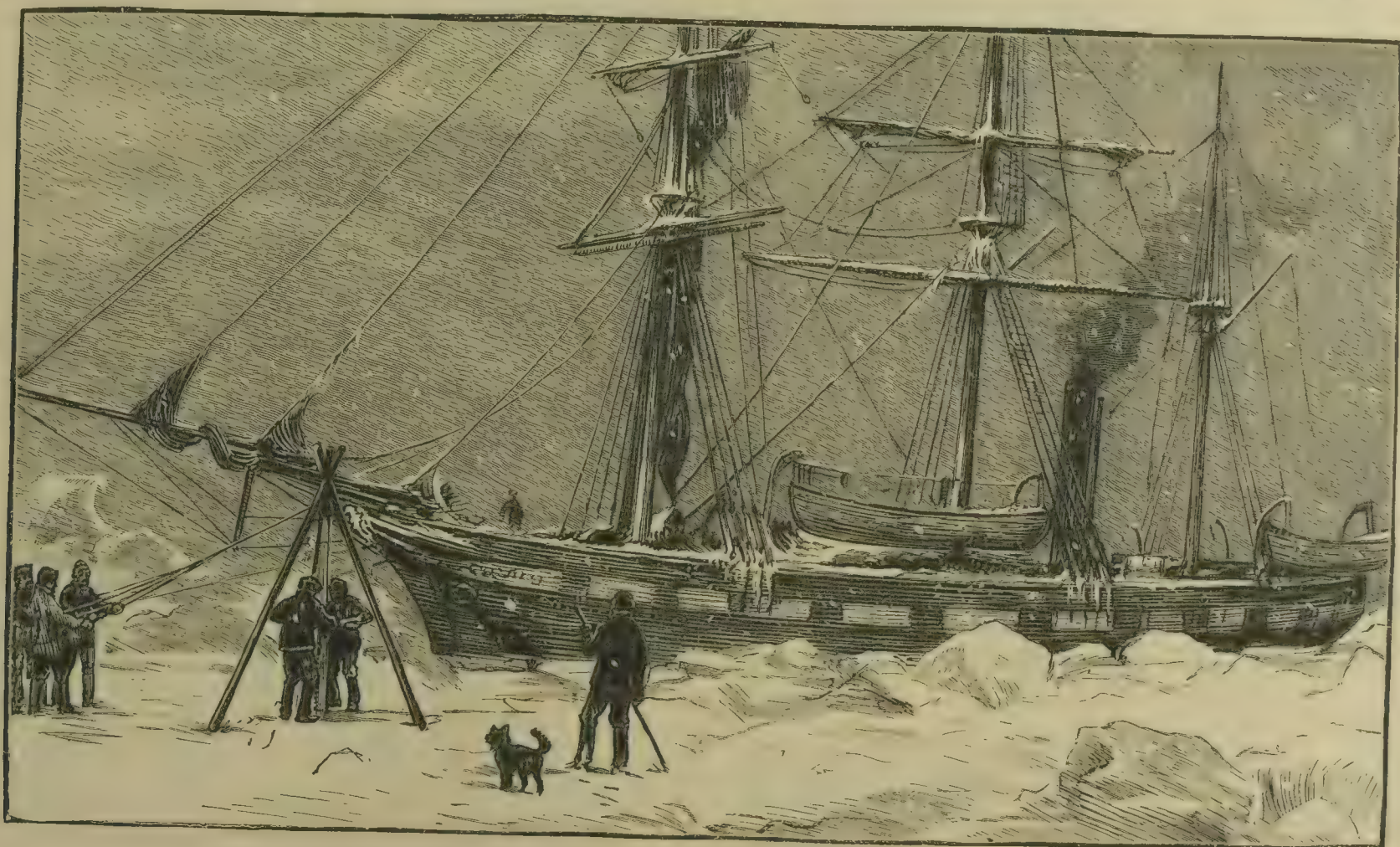
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THE STRUGGLE TO THE NORTH POLE.

Sequel to the Voyage of the "Windward."

A new phase of this memorable undertaking has just come to light, and if that adventurous Briton, Mr. Jackson, and his plucky comrades do not reach the Pole, a lesson has been taught and experience gained, that is of importance to many of our readers. We all know that the "Windward" left Greenhithe on July 12, 1894, and that she took out the expeditionary force of men to Franz Josef Land, and left them in about 80 deg. N. lat. and 50 deg. E. long. The cold was so intense there (45. deg. below zero) that it blistered the fingers of the carpenter to pick up the nails when building the house,



stable, out-buildings, &c., for the use of the expedition, who are now, we hope, all well in these winter quarters. The "Windward" was not heard of for fourteen months, and was given up for lost, but her recent return, chronicled in almost every newspaper, and supplemented with the particulars (interesting to all but those who took part in it) of the fearful struggle with the ice for nearly three months; of the privations owing to exposure in terrible weather; lack of fuel and of fresh food that overworked and frost-bitten men needed, is still in our minds. So severely did the seamen suffer that two died, and two had to be left in the hospital at the first port of call. At least one man, however, never had a touch of ill-health, as the following will show:

"To Mr. Thomas Beecham.

"106, Milton Court Road, London, S.E.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to you. I was one of the very few members of the crew of the 'Windward' who did not suffer as the result of one of the most perilous Arctic voyages ever recorded. I did not have one day's illness, and I took no medicine but 'Beecham's Pills.'

"I remain, yours most gratefully,

"F. SHARP (Ship's Carpenter)."

The Proprietor of "Beecham's Pills" has often stated that he does not publish testimonials, as so many folks are ready to testify anything if paid for so doing, and as "Beecham's Pills" recommend themselves; but the above absolutely unsolicited letter, written by Mr. Sharp with no ulterior motive of benefit to himself, is of real general interest, and it is on this account that the rule is on this occasion waived.

MORAL: NEVER BE WITHOUT "BEECHAM'S PILLS."

It is worth mentioning that BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE was the only Dentifrice supplied to the Expedition.

each to his nephew Arthur Gordon Wyatt Cooke and his niece Ruby Cooke; £10,000 to the eldest son of his brother, Sir William Ridley Charles Cooke; £120 per annum to his sister, Isabella Cooke; £1000 to the Doncaster Infirmary; £500 each to the Scholfield Convalescent Fund, Doncaster, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Doncaster; and legacies to relatives, executors, clerks, and servants. He settles his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, upon certain trusts, for his brother, Sir William Ridley Charles Cooke.

The will (dated July 31, 1894) of Miss Emma Gurney Pease, late of Southend, Darlington, who died on July 3, was proved in the District Registry at Durham on Jan. 8 by Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, Bart., and Arthur Pease, the brothers, and Wilson Pease, the nephew, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £156,000. The testatrix gives £100 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £50 each to the Friends' Society at Ackworth, the Darlington Hospital and Dispensary, and the Friends' Foreign Mission Association; and directs her executors to pay for two years to the religious or charitable institutions or objects such yearly or periodical sums as she has been in the habit of subscribing for the twelve months preceding her death. She also bequeaths £112,000 between her thirty nephews, nieces, and grandnieces in sums varying from £2000 to £5000; and other legacies. She directs that her one eighth share of the residue of the estate of her late brother Charles Pease is to go as to one third to her nephews Alfred and Joseph, and her niece Helen, one third to her nephews Arthur, Herbert, and Claude, and the remaining one third to her nephews Harold, Wilson, and John. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her brothers, Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease and Arthur Pease, but under the obligation that they will support for one year the Child's Hospital at Victoria Road, Darlington.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1883) of Mr. Nicholas George Paspati, late of Devonshire Road, Liverpool, and Penmaen-

mawr, Carnarvonshire, who died on Sept. 23, has been proved in the District Registry at Liverpool by Mrs. Harriet Paspati, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £67,178. The testator gives £5000 each to his children, George Nicholas, Peter Nicholas, Julia, and Maria, and subject thereto leaves all his real and personal estate to his said wife absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1892) of Admiral Lord Frederic Herbert Kerr, of Kensington Palace, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 18 by Arthur Herbert Kerr, the son, and George Henry Longman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,303. The testator appoints the trust funds under his marriage settlement in equal shares to all his children, excepting his daughters the Hon. Mrs. Francis Byng and Mrs. G. H. Longman, who are both amply provided for from other sources; and he bequeaths his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, live and dead stock, for the use of his unmarried daughters; £100 each to his unmarried daughters; and £300 to his son Arthur Herbert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his unmarried children in equal shares.

The will and two codicils of Mr. William Henry Bellot, M.D., F.R.C.S., late of Moreton Lodge, Leamington, Warwick, who died on Sept. 24 last, has been proved by Mrs. Frances Leigh Bellot, the widow, Hugh Hale Leigh Bellot, the son, and James Severne Losh, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £9520 16s. 9d.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1891), with three codicils (dated Sept. 20 and Dec. 18, 1894, and Aug. 13, 1895), of Dame Fanny Gregory (Mrs. Stirling), late of 3, Duchess Street, Portland Place, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on Jan. 31 by Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, K.C.M.G., the husband, and Alexander Nelson Radcliffe, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Superior of the Sisters of Nazareth, Nazareth House (Hammersmith); £250 each to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormonde

Street), Charing Cross Hospital, the London Ophthalmic Hospital, the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the Samaritan Free Hospital, the Westminster Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the London Hospital, and King's College Hospital; and small legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Sir Henry George Calcraft, K.C.B., of 101, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Jan. 22, intestate, a bachelor without parent, were granted on Feb. 15 to William Montagu Calcraft, the brother and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8012.

The will of Major Henry Martin Sandbach, R.A., of Bryngwyn, Llanfechan, who died on Dec. 6 at Aden from the effects of an accident while lion-hunting; has been proved by Captain Arthur Edmund Sandbach, R.E., the brother, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5116.

The will of Mr. George Hales, of 7, Conduit Street, Regent Street, and of the Thatched House Club, St. James's, formerly of Foo-Chow, China, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on Jan. 31 by William Hales, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9345.

The will of Mr. John Wilbraham Braddick, of Boughton Mount, Boughton Monchelsea, Kent, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Feb. 3 by Bertie John Braddick, the son, and Arthur Ventris, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6480.

The will and codicil of Mr. Frederick Whitman, of Park Lodge, Roehampton, Surrey, and 9, Lansdowne Square, Brighton, who died on Dec. 2, were proved on Feb. 6 by Mrs. Janet Gordon Whitman, the widow, Alfred Thomas Hare, and Henry Baldwin Raven, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5947.

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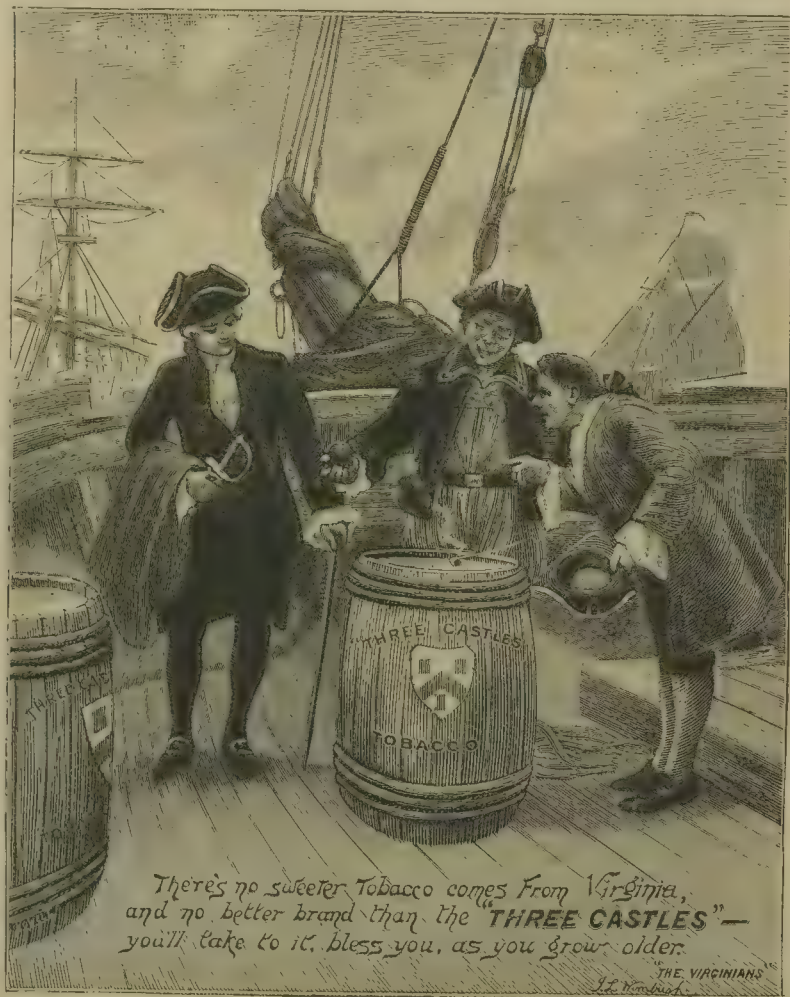
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ART NOTES.

The approach of the London season is always heralded by an outburst of picture shows, which although mainly conducted by picture-dealers, are often worthy of notice, if only as indicating the drift of public taste. This, at least, a picture-dealer should know almost by intuition, for in these days he can scarcely hope to lead his customers to purchase blindfold such works as he recommends. At the same time there is small danger of his allowing his feelings to get the better of his judgment in his efforts to bring into notice struggling artists, for only in the off season will he lend his gallery to the apostles of new art. In fact, up to a certain point, at least, there is between dealers' exhibitions and those of Societies and Institutes the same difference as is to be found between professional and amateur gardening—and the lover of flowers knows well that to the former he has to look for the choicest specimens of well-known varieties.

Among the "professionals" Messrs. Agnew have for long held pre-eminence, and their collection of water-colour drawings now on view (Bond Street Galleries) shows no falling off in the supply of good work from painters old and new. George Barret, who was almost the first among the water-colourists to appreciate the full value of atmosphere, is well represented, although his classical scenes are outshone by the rich imaginative work of which Turner was the master. The latter, whether depicting London, Venice, the Lake of Thun, or the rivers of northern England, was always inspired by the surroundings of the scene rather than by its details. He aimed at effect, not accuracy, and cared more to reproduce nature as he felt it than places as

other men saw them. De Wint and David Cox—both worshippers of nature—translated her in more prosaic fashion; but the simple transcripts of the scenery of the Midlands by the former, and the more breezy and sunny sketches of the latter, the impressions of his wanderings in North and South Wales, are excellent specimens of the best period of English water-colour painting. After a period of unmerited neglect Copley Fielding seems to be once more coming into favour, and although his work is often too obviously didactic, he shows a complete command of his brush and materials. Among the more modern landscapists who show to advantage in this gallery are Mr. Tom Collier, Mr. Thorne Waite, and Mr. J. W. North; while the figure-painters who are most attractive are Fred Walker, Pinwell, H. Wallis, and Louis Haghe. Among these will be found the gems of Messrs. Agnew's collection, but there are other artists of the past and present who furnish the walls with excellent specimens of their work.

At Messrs. Tooth's Galleries (Haymarket) the selection is very much on the same lines as that made by Messrs. Agnew, but the works of modern artists are more important; as, for instance, "The Legend of the Garland," by Sir E. Burne-Jones, "The Cymbal-Player," by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and two spirited drawings by Sir John Gilbert, recalling his earlier work. Among the older water-colour painters, William Hunt and John Holland fully maintain their reputation as well as their attractiveness. The former was most successful in English scenery and peasantry; the latter was, after Turner, one of the first to reveal the beauties of Venice to untravelled Englishmen. De Wint and David Cox are also to be seen here to advantage, some

of the Yorkshire studies of the former bearing evidence to his skilful treatment of landscape, even when deprived of the flat horizons in which he excelled. Prout and George Cattermole among the deceased, George Fripp, Sir F. Powell, Fred Tayler, and Andrew Gow among the living, with Chevilliard and Wolbers as representatives of foreign art, contribute to make up an attractive but limited exhibition.

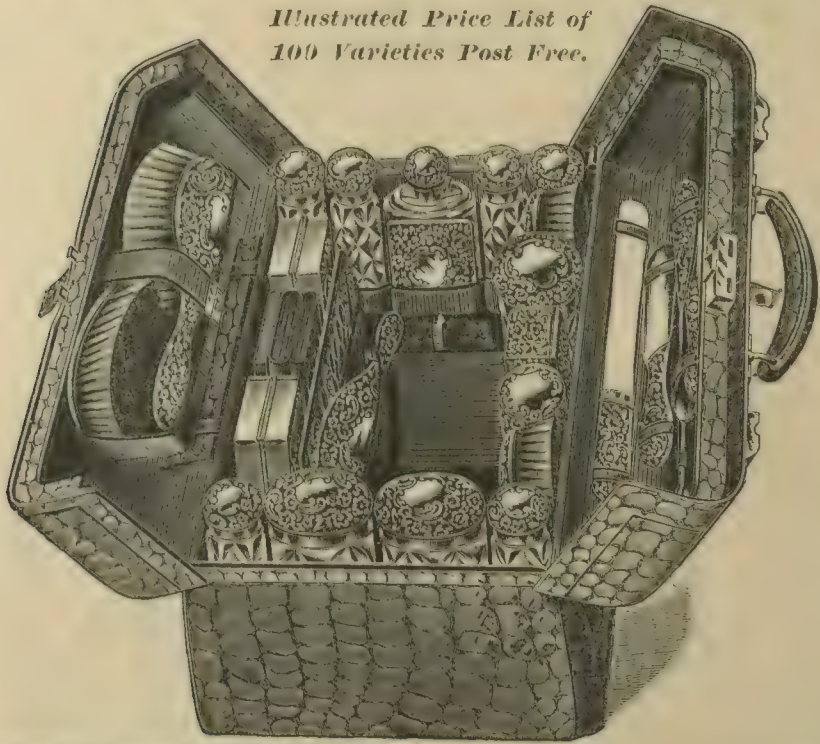
For foreign pictures, however, it is necessary to go to the Hanover and the Continental Galleries, which, notwithstanding their names, are practically dealers' exhibitions; while at the Goupil Gallery (Regent Street) Messrs. Boussod Valadon have brought together twenty masterpieces of the Barbizon School. At the Continental Gallery (New Bond Street) several of the best known modern Dutch painters are represented by characteristic works; and such names as Mesdag, Jacob and William Maris, Josef Israels, and Anton Mauve need no special remark to commend their work. Among the less known names are those of L. Apol, who knows how to paint snow scenes; Taco Mesdag, who does not follow his namesake to the sandy dunes of Scheveningen, but prefers the inland pastures on the land side of the Hague; and of W. Roelen, who also seeks his subjects among the meadowlands. There is to be seen here a vigorous portrait, by Mdlle. Schwartz, of General Joubert, who has recently come prominently to the front in connection with events in the Transvaal; but no statement is given of the circumstances under which the picture was painted.

At the Hanover Gallery, the French Romanticists are chiefly in evidence, and although the collection cannot vie

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THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.—NOTICE.
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE
for MARCH contains an Illustrated Article on the New Photography, entitled

PHOTOGRAPHING THE UNSEEN,
by A. A. Campbell Swinton; an Article on
NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY,
by Sidney Lee, Editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography"; and the following Contributions:

CLARISSA FURIOSA, by W. E. Norris. Chapters IX. to XII.—LIFE IN A FAMILISTERE.—THROUGH THE GATE OF TEARS.—THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE.—CLEG KELLY, ARAB OF THE CITY, by S. R. Crockett. Adventures LVI. to LX. At all Booksellers' and Newsagents'. Price Sixpence.

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The LUSITANIA, 3877 tons' register, will leave London March 31 for a 47 days' Cruise, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, PALERMO, MALTA, KATAKOLO, NAUPLIA, PIREUS (for Athens), DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTORIN, TUNIS, ALGIERS, arriving at Plymouth May 15, and London May 16.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

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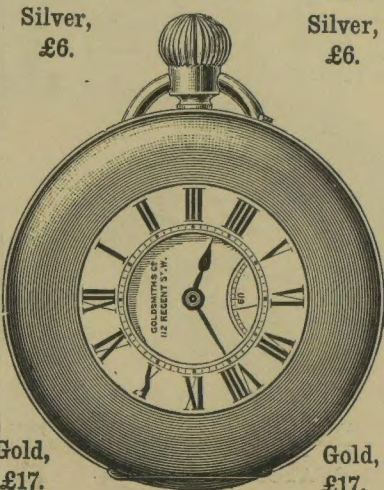
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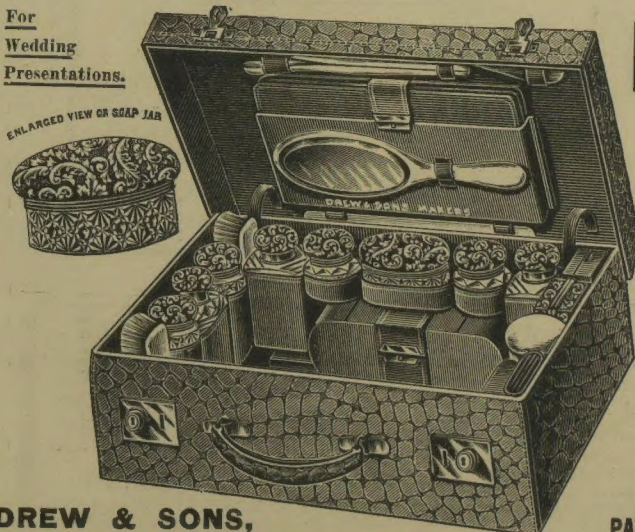
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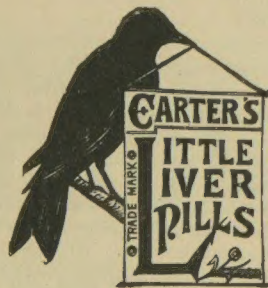
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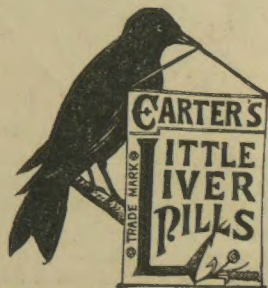
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with that now on view at the Grafton Galleries—at least, in extent—it nevertheless contains some excellent examples of the Barbizon School. We go through the now familiar names of Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Jacque, and Millet as a matter of instinct, but what is surprising about them is their variety. The painters of this little group seem to have been constantly learning from each other some new aspect of nature, and then to treat it according to their own fancy and method. In the present collection, Jacque is the most strongly represented; but in the charcoal drawings by Millet there is much that will attract his admirers and charm those who know his work less well. One feels inclined to ask in presence of the strange work "Le Pédicure," by Degas, "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" It has nothing to keep it in countenance or to explain its appearance. One would like to know also whether this is the work of the great leader of the French Impressionists which was recently offered by an enthusiast to our National Gallery, only to be calmly told that that was no place for such work.

Impressionism, however, is more strongly represented at Mr. van Wisselingh's Gallery (Brook Street), although the works are for the most part rather studies than finished pictures. In this condition, however, the work of many artists is most highly prized by some

connoisseurs, and for such there is a selection from the easels of Courbet, Diaz, and others.

The true *bouquet*, however, of the Barbizon School is to be sought and found at the Goupil Gallery (Regent Street), where are to be seen some four-and-twenty masterpieces illustrating the aims and capacity of the eight artists who lifted French landscape painting out of the conventionality into which it had fallen. In looking at these works we must not wholly forget the influence of our own countryman, Constable, who had been seen in France, and as far back as 1824 had received a medal at the Salon. It is useless to say that without the impetus thus given to study nature, Rousseau, Troyon, Corot, and Daubigny would not have found the secret of their success; but on looking at such works as Diaz' "L'Orage," Duprés' "Homestead," Jacque's "Return of the Flock," or even the somewhat constrained and scarcely adequate specimen of Millet's work, one cannot fail to recognise that both Constable and Turner had aroused artists across the Channel to other notions of painting.

The distinctive merit of the Hanfstaengl process—already well known by the reproductions of certain masterpieces in the National Gallery—is shown with excellent results in the most recent publications of the

firm (13, Pall Mall East). "The Quarry Team" and "The Smithy" are two of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's most successful works, and the good opinion they gained for the artist at Burlington House has been subsequently endorsed by the verdict of the foreign Academies. The advantage of the Hanfstaengl process lies chiefly in the richness of tone conveyed in the method of printing; giving the picture almost the burr of a mezzotint engraving; and this feature is especially brought out in the team of horses slowly dragging their load along the typical Cornish road which leads from Newlyn to the neighbouring quarries, passing the very "smithy" which Mr. Forbes has also depicted.

On Monday, Feb. 24, the usual Monday Popular Concert was, owing to the somewhat sudden illness of Signor Piatti, made a little less interesting than it might have been. We say this without any adverse reflection upon that admirable violoncellist Mr. Charles Ould, who took part in Schubert's Quartet in D minor (in Signor Piatti's place) with perfect self-possession and correctness. Herr Joachim played as he always plays, with sweetness and distinction; his rendering of Viotti's twenty-second concerto (slow movement) could not easily have been bettered. Mr. Isidor Cohn was the pianist, and was quite interesting.

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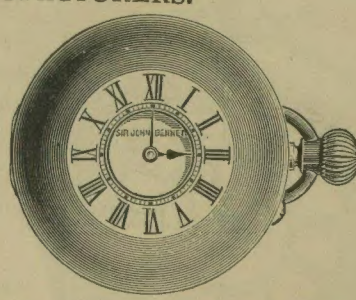
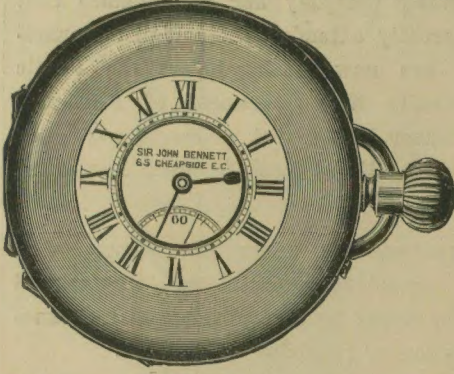
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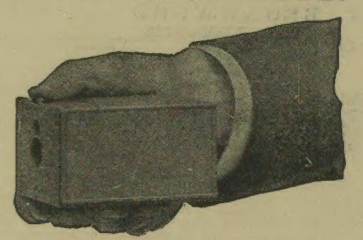
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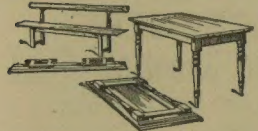
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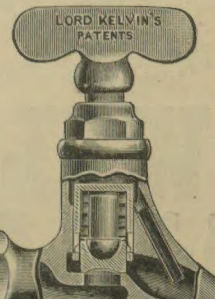
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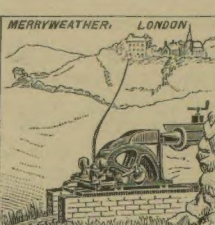
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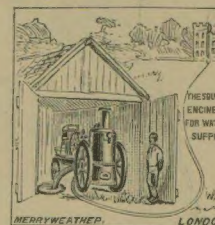
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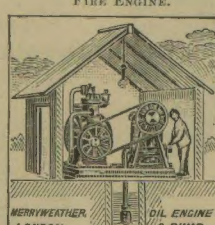
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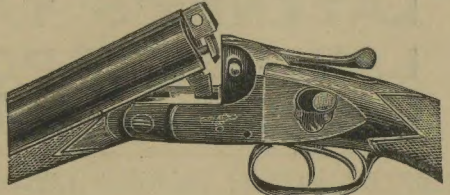
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